

WILLIAM BOOTH. FOUNDER.

GENERAL, BRAMWELL BOOTH

The WAR CRY

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS.
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OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE

CHRIST FOR THE WORLD.

SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA EAST

AND NEWFOUNDLAND

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WILLIAM MAXWELL, Lt.-Commissioner.



An Impressive Moment in the Great Congress Pageant in the Arena

Miss Canada, standing by the Beacon-light of Confederation, and surrounded by representative characters, who have figured large in our country's history, welcomes Miss Salvation Army. The smaller sketches depict the Life-Saving Scouts at trek-cart drill, the Life-Saving Guards doing a flag drill, the spectacular finale, and Indians performing weird rites.

(See pages 6 and 7)

WHAT LIES AT THE END OF YOUR WAY?

Because a road is well beaten it is not necessarily the right road. Right now, at this moment, crowds are on their way to destruction.

There is a way, the Bible tells us, which seemeth right unto man, but the end thereof is death. There are many ways into Hell, but only one way to Heaven. Thank God, this way is straight and plain and none need err in finding it.

Sinner friend, that way leads through the wicked gate of repentance to Calvary's Cross. By faith in the Blood of Christ you may lay hold on Eternal Life.

THE BATTLE

is a desperate one against the forces of Sin, Satan and Hell. Christ Jesus is our Leader and His soldiers must fight and never fail Him. The souls of men are the issue. The lost, despised, out-cast, dark and hopeless members of the human family are crying for succor. Do your share to rescue them. The liberty which Christ gives through faith, is their hope. Eternal destinies hang on the result of the battle. Fight the good fight with all your might!

GEM THOUGHTS

Sow the most beautiful rose-seeds in the garden of life, and life will be a garden of roses! Nothing but the best seeds will do, because, otherwise, you may become the inheritor of a bed of thorns.

Every temptation that is resisted, every noble aspiration that is encouraged, every sinful thought that is repressed, every bitter word that is withheld, adds its little item to the impetus of that great movement which is bearing humanity towards a richer life and higher character.

Is Prayer a Pleasure?

"When We Learn to Speak and Understand the Language of Heaven, Then a New and Marvellous World is Opened to Us"

MOST people feel prayer to be a duty—a disagreeable one, perhaps, but one which ought to be done. Such as feel it a painful duty are nevertheless glad to pray when they are in sorrow.

Now the Lord Jesus as a Man is our great Example in all things. Can you imagine His rising early, staying up late, sometimes remaining up for a whole night, to pray, and thinking it a wearisome task, which must be done or He would be a loser, or God would be angry?

No, no! We cannot imagine such a thing. God was His Father, whom He loved with all the strength of His being. To Jesus, therefore, prayer was His chief source of joy. It meant being alone with the One He loved most.

The Father was one with Jesus. He understood Him. So the Lord Jesus as a Man got comfort, courage, faith, wisdom, power from His Father. That was the outcome of prayer to Jesus.

I am quite sure that it is God's will that our prayer-times should be the times of our greatest satisfaction. I know it by experience. Prayer has never been an irksome task for me. Often it has been difficult to get away from pressing needs and burdens, but it has always been my greatest joy to get alone with God—with my Saviour—and tell Him all that is in my heart.

My dear mother died when I was a small boy; but this I remember, that I loved her passionately, and that if I came from school and mother was not there, then the house seemed empty. I went to her with my joys and sorrows. When she was taken I felt desolate.

No one took her place till I got to know Jesus. Then I found a loving Friend, who understood me, who do. I fought to teach and help me. Nothing has been too small to tell Him about, nor has anything been too great.

So I go to Him simply with everything. I tell Him my sorrows and my needs. I listen to Him. He comforts me, advises me, assures me of His help, and He tells me of His wishes. I know that if I am sad he is touched with a feeling of my anxiety, and so we commune together in joy and in sorrow.

Is prayer like that for you? If so, you are a happy being, happy in God, although often sorrowful for Him, for His glory.

Did you say, "No; prayer is a painful effort for me?" If so, I am sorry for you and for your Saviour, Who loves you so much. Jesus said: "As the Father hath loved Me, so have I loved you" (John 15:9). Think over those words.

Repeat those words to yourself again and again, praying that the Lord will help you to understand, and you will find deep love in your heart for "Our Father," for the Lord Jesus, for the Holy Spirit, as will make you delight to go alone in prayer and open your heart to God, and also open your ears to His loving voice.

If you love the world, or sin in any form, you will not, of course, go alone to God. You do not love Him; you love your own way; the love of the Father is not in you (1 John 2:15). You cannot expect any answers to your prayers till you repent.

But if, on the contrary, you love God sincerely, then pray that you may be enabled to learn the delightful simplicity, comfort, and joy of prayer.

A king once said: "When we learn a new language, it opens a new world to us." From experience I know that that is not always true; but it is true that when we learn how to pray, that is, how to speak and understand the language of Heaven, then a new and marvellous world is opened to us.

Lord, teach us to pray!

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

Sunday, Oct. 30th—Prov. 8:1-21.

God is "not far from every one of us," but only by faith can we come to know Him. In childhood and youth faith is simple, clear, strong, hence this is the best time to seek God. During our early years character is formed, and all after-life is thereby affected. To find God and have Him as Companion and Guide in youth, will go far to ensure us true happiness and success throughout our earthly sojourn.

Monday, Oct. 31st—Prov. 8:22-36.

If we could only see how sin wounds and injures our souls, we should be more careful to avoid it! No one with any sense willingly hurts himself physically, and yet many indulge in such sins as pride, anger, selfishness, untruthfulness, forgetting that such things disfigure and injure the soul, sometimes for ever.

Tuesday, Nov. 1st—Matt. 15:1-9.

The elders were the Jewish teachers and scribes. Their traditions were the petty rules and regulations which they insisted on their disciples keeping, and which by degrees they had come to regard as important as God's own commandments. It was because the Saviour kept the spirit of His Father's law, and ignored the letter of the scribes' traditions, that they became so angry with Him and at last determined on His death.

Wednesday, Nov. 2nd—Matt. 16:10-20.

And yet how little care we give to our conversation! How readily we say what is foolish or unkind, sometimes, it may be, even what is untrue or unclean.

Thursday, Nov. 3rd—Matt. 15:21-28.

God does not always answer our prayers in the way we wish, nor at the time we expect. But if we ask in faith, He answers in the way that is best for us, and for those we love.

Friday, Nov. 4th—Matt. 15:29-39.

You may feel tired and depressed, yet you must go to work and meet people who will make many demands upon you. As a Salvationist they expect you to be calm and cheerful under all circumstances. You need not disappoint them, for, from the Master Himself, you can receive grace enough not only for your own need but for that of others.

Saturday, Nov. 5th—Matt. 16:1-12.

Sometimes we sadly say of certain people, "It is no use telling them, they would not understand." We mean that, though their minds might take in our words, their hearts are not sufficiently in sympathy with us to grasp their true meaning. This is how the Master often felt about His first disciples, and He must often feel the same about us to-day. Let us pray for understanding hearts.



Clippings from Contemporaries

God, and there the burden of my heart rolled away."

Although the recital of this incident caused some laughter in the meeting, it also made a deep impression on the unsaved, and God used it in the restoration of a backslider whom the Devil had used in attempts to upset the meetings.—British "CRY."

THE EFFECT OF TRIFLES

SIX hundred miners in Lanarkshire, Scotland, have lately found themselves temporarily out of work from an unexpected cause.

The main feed-pipe supplying the boiler of the mine with water suddenly choked, bringing the machinery to a standstill. The cage by which the men descend and ascend the shaft could not be worked, and coal-getting was for the time being at an end. After a protracted search the mystery was solved and it was seen that a plump young trout had swum into the pipe, completely obstructing it. So, through the interception of twenty-two ounces of fish a thousand tons of coal were lost.

These trifles! Last year a little beetle in an oil-feed defied the best mechanics for months in their attempts to get a first-class motor-car running properly. It was an earwig that got into a signalling apparatus, set the signal at "danger," and stopped all the trains; it was a spider that got into the works of an electric train staff instrument and caused a cessation of traffic. A mouse popped an acorn into one of the organ pipes of a village church and deprived the congregation of music. Surely the lesson is so plain that none will miss it.—Winnipeg YOUNG SOLDIER.

THE STORY BEHIND A TEN SHILLING NOTE

DURING a recent campaign at Victoria Park, West Australia, Commandant Hurst related the following incident, showing the self-denial of a sister comrade who was lying ill in the Sanatorium. The Commandant had journeyed by special request to enroll her as a Soldier in The Army. What an impres-

sive scene it was at her bed-side! Hearts were melted as the Officer and other comrades stood in the ward of suffering, and listened as she promised to be true to God.

A few weeks later the Commandant returned, this time to lay at rest the mortal remains of Captain Smith. He went to see the recently-enrolled Soldier and to say a word of cheer to her. In spite of the pain she was suffering she still had a smile.

Some days afterwards a letter addressed in an unknown handwriting reached the Commandant. It was from this young comrade and contained a ten shilling note, and a short letter in which she said that, seeing she must do something for God, and being unable to get out to work for Him, she had saved up her pennies and sixpences till she got together the ten shillings, which she hoped would be accepted as her contribution to the Self-Denial Appeal.

"As I read the letter," the Commandant went on to say, "I thought of her suffering and tried to picture what a struggle she would have had to save those few shillings. She was very poor, but this sacrifice had brought her great joy, and was indeed a real act of self-denial."—Melbourne "CRY."

INTERRUPTER

INTERRUPTED

ON SUNDAY NIGHT at Melbourn (Commandant and Mrs. A. Evans) Dad Stead, aged seventy-eight years, in a wonderful testimony told of his conversion over forty years ago.

"I was sitting in a meeting," he said, "and the comrade who was testifying seemed to be hitting me very hard. I determined to be revenged, and the opportunity came when the speaker, rolling up his sleeves, said: 'If there is any one here wants a fight let him come up here!' 'Now's my chance,' I thought, and made my way to the platform. 'Now,' said the Salvationist when I reached there, 'get on your knees, for we fight on our knees here.' I fell on my knees under the power of

Army Activities in Other Lands

REFUGEES FROM "HELL-HOLES"

More About The Army's Timely Efforts on Behalf of the Troops in Shanghai

The following, extracted from a letter from Lt. Commissioner McKenzie, of China, gives some additional information concerning "The Army's efforts on behalf of the British troops now stationed in Shanghai."

"Religious meetings are held in the city every night in the week," he writes. "A large public hall has been secured in the city for public meetings on Sunday nights. A number of souls have been registered in every meeting in this hall, and a wide spiritual interest is taken both by soldiers and civilians."

"In Tientsin, we have got two large buildings in operation. A Hostel has been secured adjacent to the American Camps, at \$400.00 per month, furnished at an additional cost of \$2,500.00, providing, as in the case of Shanghai, the four R's—rest, recreation, refreshments and red-hot religion. We are also using another large building adjacent to the British Camps. It has been our privilege to conduct meetings among both sections, and great benefit is accruing from the religious meetings; souls are being saved, backsliders restored, and the testimonies given by these men are an inspiration to listen to."

"At each of the Camps a daily prayer meeting is conducted by Salvationists found among the troops, and these men are buttressing their comrades, and their circle is being consequently enlarged. We have been loaned the large building which is used for the British troops, but have had to furnish it at considerable cost (in the vicinity of \$2,000.00), and of course the upkeep of these three places is very considerable. Still it is an absolute necessity because of the abundant 'hell holes' in both of these Eastern cities, destructive in their objective, and appalling in their results, and true to the Founder's great vision. The Army must ever plunge into these cesspools and rescue those ready to perish. Our workers are successful in both rescue and preventive work among the soldiers and marines, for which we give praise to God."

DRUM-HEAD CONVERSIONS IN LATVIA

Halls so Packed That Seekers Have Difficulty in Reaching the Mercy-Seat

THE third detachment of Officers to be trained in Riga (Latvia) has just been commissioned by Brigadier Johanson, the Commander. This raises the number of Latvian-born Officers to twenty-four, most of whom can speak the three languages used in the country—Lettish, German, and Russian.

Splendid advance has been made in the Territory since the unfurling of the Flag.

A native of Latvia, who became a Salvationist in Germany, held soul-saving meetings among his friends upon his return to the Republic, and as a result of his efforts a number of Converts were made. These appeared to the General to send Officers, and at their request appointments were made and Army Corps were established at Mitau and Riga in 1923. Other towns have since been invaded and facilities for Open-

Diplomat Kneels in Hyde Park Mud

THE "CATCH OF THE SEASON" DEFILES RIDICULE AND MAKES HIS PEACE WITH GOD

NO ARMY MEETING is attended by a more cosmopolitan crowd than the nightly meeting which is held near the Marble Arch, at Hyde Park. Many strange catches have been seen there, including the son of a well-known London vicar, a cinema proprietor, students, bank clerks, prison habitués, and street-women; but the catch of this season is, perhaps, a member of the diplomatic corps.

The meeting-ground at Hyde Park is a babel of controversy and argument, and to mount The Army platform there and give expression to a

votes were all there, expounding their theories, or trouncing their audiences, and generally making a fearful din. Presently The Army Flag was unfurled, and the meeting commenced.

The noise from the opposition round the platform was deafening, coupled with the hooting of motorists and the fiery rhetoric of rival atheists and worldling. But the meeting proceeded, and at the close the invitation was given to seek God in the presence of the crowd. A man knelt on the mud-soaked mat. He was immaculately dressed, and was



A Home League in India. At the extreme right of the top row is a Canadian Missionary Officer, Mrs. Captain Williams, better known in Canada East as Captain Huffman

testimonies, requires not only a strong voice, but a strong heart. Yet almost every evening numbers of people who have had little or no experience of public speaking give striking testimonies. It is largely owing to the power of testimony that these Hyde Park meetings have been such an unqualified success.

On the evening in question Hyde Park was just drying itself after two days of torrential rain, the meeting-ground being in a very muddy condition. However, the park de-

cliff the victim of some good-humored chaos from the crowd, particularly about despoiling his fine clothes, but he took no notice of them. This was certainly a fine capture in many ways, the chief being in the example he set to six others, for no sooner was the second penitent asked for than there came a procession. Six or seven in all, on a dirty, muddy mat, on a cold and cheerless night!

The Salvationists on duty got to business without delay, and it was discovered that the immaculately-attired seeker was greatly concerned about his spiritual condition. His manner of speaking was different from the usual, and tactful inquiries elicited the information that he was a Vice-Consul from one of the European cities, about to leave London to go to his appointment.

Since that day this seeker's wife and children have visited London, and the wife has thanked The Army for leading her husband to God.

(Cont from foot of col. 2.)

opening, writes: "We must shout a loud 'Hallelujah!' On Wednesday we had an Open-air meeting on the other side of the river and 1,000 people came together. Sunday's outdoor attack in 'Kulligais aleja' attracted a crowd nearly twice as large. One of the boys, converted on the opening night testified outdoors and sang a solo in the Hall. During the week we rejoiced over two more seekers, and on Sunday three souls were won. The Hall was so packed that they could not easily get to the mercy-seat, but there is great eagerness."

INTERNATIONAL PARS

Yakutat, the baby Corps of Alaska, has enrolled twenty-seven native Soldiers in less than three months.

The proprietor of a grocer's shop at S. Paulo, Brazil, had an accident, one arm being badly bruised. He then went in search of The Army Officers, and confessed to having flung a raw potato into their (grocer's) ring. He felt that this accident was God's punishment for his wrong action, and sincerely apologized!

Lieut.-Colonel Barr, Territorial Commander of the West Indies (East) Territory, has been granted a short furlough in the Old Country on account of ill-health.

Here are some interesting figures from the New York Training Garrison: Out of the 147 Cadets in the "Torchbearers" Session, 116 are American born, 106 were Corps Cadets, 38 are the children of Salvationists, 12 are the children of Unitarians, and 7 are of the third generation.

Five men living in the Long Term Prison, Trinidad, have been converted and enrolled as Salvationists as the result of The Army Officers' visits and meetings. These men have been granted by the prison authorities the privilege of meeting together for half an hour each day for the purpose of reading the Bible and the "Soldiers' Guide."

When the last batch of Cadets of the Trixandrum Training Garrison were commissioned, the Principal, Lieut.-Colonel Forera, mentioned that during their ten months' session the Cadets had won 282 souls.

The oldest woman Soldier of the Bristol 1 (England) Corps, whose warriorship dates back to the old circus days, was present at the recent forty-seventh anniversary celebrations of the Corps. This Sister will be 100 next birthday.

The Icelandic WAR CRY has a remarkable circulation, there being an average of one copy to every four houses on the island.

The development of the Men's Social Service work in the Western Territory, U.S.A., has necessitated the formation of a new district, with headquarters at Pasadena.

Among recent visitors to the Victoria Home for Men, Whitechapel, London, was a party of twenty-eight German students, in the study of Theology. The visitors were delighted with all they saw, and described their experience as both pleasurable and instructive.

Several new Corps have been recently opened in the West African Territory, one of our newest mission fields.

THE WHOLE LOT! Wonderful Results Follow Kindly Act of Army Sister

How an act of kindness was the means of leading a whole family to Christ, to Soldiership in The Army, a son to Local Officership, and a daughter to the Training Garrison, is told in the Sydney WAR CRY.

The mother of a large family of grown sons and young daughters, died suddenly, and a Salvationist living in the district went immediately to the home to render assistance. She remained with the family until after the funeral, and invited them to attend the meetings at The Army Hall.

Perhaps it was only because she had shown them so much kindness that they accepted her invitation; but three weeks after the funeral, all of them were converted. One of the sons was married, and for about fifteen years he had not been to church; but both he and his wife were converted together. Today, he is the Corps Secretary, and his eldest sister is in the Training Garrison.

What a lot of blessing we can carry to our neighbors by a kind act.



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be addressed to the Editor.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The 1927 Congress—An Augury of Greater Things

THE FORTY-FIFTH ANNUAL CONGRESS may well go down in Army history as a magnificent triumph. The inability of the Chief of the Staff to be present caused widespread disappointment at first, but the situation was accepted with true Salvation spirit, and there was a "girding up of loins" so to speak among all ranks so that an extra volume of prayer ascended to the Throne of Grace, and efforts were redoubled to help the Congress Leaders bear their added responsibilities.

The Congress was manifestly marked with the "Divine approval and presence," as forecasted by the General in his brief but stirring message which was received with acclamation by the assembled delegates and called forth a demonstration of loyalty and affection for The Army's Leader.

The brilliant leadership displayed was another marked factor in the success of the Congress. Veterans and recruits responded to it and caught the spirit of enthusiasm which caused them to put forth their very best efforts. Another great factor tending to success therefore was the splendid spirit of cooperation manifested by all ranks.

One gained the impression throughout the Congress that there is a feeling of confidence and gladness of buoyancy and expectancy among the Officers and Soldiers of the Canada East Territory. "We are marching onward," as the song says, and prospects never looked brighter for record-shattering advances during the coming year. The Territory, beyond doubt, is in a progressive and healthy condition, optimism is evident on every side, and the prevailing belief is "we can and we will and we do believe" that God, Who has made The Salvation Army a mighty force for righteousness, will make it mightier yet, and that the best is yet to come in the way of substantial progress in our beloved land.

Soul-Saving Our First Aim

THE TOTAL NUMBER of seekers who knelt at the mercy-seat during the Congress was one hundred and fifty-eight. Praise God for this evidence of the mighty workings of the Holy Spirit in our midst. The Salvation Army is, first of all, a soul-saving Organization, and nothing delights a salvationist more than the sight of a sinner at the Cross.

Once again we must emphasize the fact that we are not a little sect, intent only on preserving some particular form of worship; we are a fighting Army, bent on bringing the world to God. Again and again throughout the Congress the crowds were thrilled with the strains of that

(Continued at foot of column 4)

Seen and Heard at the Congress

THE total attendance at the public gatherings of the Congress was well over the 25,000 mark. Everyone agrees that this was splendid.

Better still, one hundred and fifty-eight seekers knelt at the mercy-seat in the various gatherings. Hallelujah!

Visitors to the Congress included Lt.-Colonel Goodwin (Canada West), Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Withers (Central U.S.A.), and Brigadier Jessie McEwan (R), from Jersey City, N.Y.

Two of the couples representing the veterans in the Paganet were Treasurer and Mrs. Bishop, of Parliament Street, and Brother and Sister Robbins, of Dovecourt. Strangely enough the first named couple have each completed forty-eight years of service, and the latter two warriors have each topped the forty-five mark. And they've not grown weary yet!

The Editorial den has seen a procession of visitors during recent days.

tions to the veteran of many battles. May God richly bless him and spare him for many more years.

The ghost of an old Band came to life during the Congress. The Conquerors' Session Band, nearly all the members of which were in Toronto, re-formed for the occasion and avowed happy memories of Cadet days "with some 'old timers'."

Our visitors from China, Adjutant and Mrs. Bexton and family, who are flourishing in Canada, cast a pleasant gleam upon the scene with their bright Oriental costumes.

A street-corner evangelist, when he observed the large crowd unable to gain admittance to "the Massey," on Sunday night, grasped Opportunity by the forelock and delivered a fiery address on the text, "And the door was shut," meanwhile chalking the words on the paved road.

A trio of notables from Halifax II Corps, Messrs. Major Messrs. Treasurer Kinsman and Recruiting-Sergeant Mc-

Impressions of the "Forty-Fifth"

By Representative Officers and Locals

The crowds in the Arena and in the Massey Hall and Pantages Theatre were an inspiration. The gathering in the overflow on the Sunday night in the Theatre of the 2,000 people, orderly, respectful, devotional, many of whom were earnestly seeking after God, if happily there had been no Congress, more than anything else during the Congress. Here was an opportunity rarely afforded to make known the message of God. Reference may be made to the other gains of this great Congress, but for aggressive work of the when the Theatre appealed to me—JOHN NOBLE, Colonel, Financial Secretary.

"What do you think of our Congress?" a score of fellow Officers have said to me, including the Editor.

"That of it, I think 'I'm thinking lots.' Mental comparisons add to the value of my thoughts, which crystallize in one great 'Hallelujah' for our glorious Army."

It seems to me that all the elements necessary to the making of a really successful Congress were present, namely:

1. God was with us.
2. The penitent-form returns were splendid.

3. Effective leadership.
4. Attendance at public gatherings (25,000) speaks plainly of the grip The Salvation Army has upon the people.

5. The Soldiers' Assembly, Festival of Music and Officers' Councils were among the best it has been my privilege to attend.

The feeling of utmost good-will prevailing amongst all ranks impressed me, and I feel sure that the good effects of the Confederation year Congress will be felt from the Atlantic Coast to the Border cities. The memory of our Congress in Canada will add to the value of our service in the Territory. I am sure.—W. W. KNOTTS, Lt.-Colonel, Training Principal.

It being my privilege to attend each Congress for a period of more than twenty years, I feel the Congress of 1927 can go down in the annals of Army history as one of the best. The Divine Presence was felt in a very marked degree. One was greatly impressed with the immensity of the crowd, the fervency of the singing, harmony of the music, earnestness of the addresses. The Army spirit which prevailed and the blessed results. To say the least, it was an educational, uplifting, inspiring and soul-stirring. The holy influence should be felt by every Corps throughout Canada East.—A. W. KNIGHT, (Mrs.) Brigadier, Saint John Division.

The cumulative effects of the Congress gatherings are so favorable that there can be no doubt that it would be a good thing if the same conditions could be privileged to enjoy the mighty impulse which has radiated from the meetings. When we consider that we are deeply concerned about many matters, rightly as well as otherwise. The Congress has accomplished a great deal in diverting their attention to higher and nobler things, and as a result lives have been saved, and the work of the gracious Saviour. Who has graced Himself with us.

The gatherings opened with a grateful review of the past, continued with a deepening fervency, and closed with a united and confident faith in the future.

In the leaders of The Army, and in God. With especial reference to the 45th Congress, our Leaders have well-merited the confidence which we have placed in them. May God be praised—C. SPARKS, Staff-Captain, Young People's Secretary, London.

(Continued on page 12)

(Continued from column 1)

grand old war-song: "Salvation Army, God of War, Onward to conquer the world with Fire and Blood."

We would not minimize the duty of worshipping God; reverent worship must ever have a prominent part in our services, but that is not the whole duty of Christian people. Battling for souls is as much a part of true religion as kneeling before the altar, and there is nothing to compare with the thrill that comes to Salvationists when they see the poet's vision transformed into actuality: "And burdened souls by thousands humbly kneeling, Shall bend, dear Lord, their rebel necks to Thee."

Inspired by the Congress, the Officers and Soldiers of Canada East are going forth with holdier determination than ever to seek and to save the lost, and battle bravely in the cause of right.

THE GENERAL'S MESSAGE

To the Delegates assembled in Toronto for
the 45th Annual Territorial Congress

CONGRATULATIONS on Divine presence and approval. Salvation wears well, Holiness is ever new.

The Salvation Army grows and grows, and if we are true to the principles laid down by the Founder it will grow on for ever.

Lift up the Banner on high. My love to all.

Samuel Booth
General.

They have all been welcome, despite the Congress "rush," especially those who have left news behind.

"The best so far," is the unanimous verdict regarding the Paganet.

The front-page illustration is executed in the old wood cut style. In keeping with the printing processes in use at the time of The Army's advent to Canada, which is the Paganet incident depicted.

The Queen City was painted red, yellow and blue during Congress days; but no damage was done, except to the Devil's Kingdom.

A youthful Torontonian was heard to remark as she left the Arena: "I wish they would teach history at school in the same way."

The ever-young Commandant Samuel Blackburn said to an Editorial representative on Congress Sunday: "I passed my seventy-second milestone yesterday." The Commandant has certainly learnt the secret of perennial youth. Congratulate!

Key—were interesting visitors to the Congress, having motored the whole distance with Commandant Wells.

Spotting an acquaintance among the Indian squaws—a lassie Cadet—who participated in the Paganet, the writer was led to ponder upon the gracious and mysterious workings of Providence. The brother of the Cadet was one of what is commonly termed a "street-corner gang," when first attracted to The Army and converted. He became a fine, hard-working Soldier and is now a Captain on the Field. As a result of her son's change of life, the mother, although brought up as a strict Yankee, was attracted to The Army and joined the Home League. Later, she gave her heart to God and was enrolled as a Soldier. Several children next joined in the procession to The Army. At the time the Cadet already mentioned was away from home, working in service. Returning to her home, she soon caught the Army spirit, with the result that she, too, gave her heart to God and is now training for Officership. For a time the father looked with disapproval on the Salvationizing of his household, but now he, too, is in the swim and is the Corps Captain.

(Continued on page 12)

THE COMMISSIONER'S APPOINTMENTS

LINDSAY	Sunday, Oct. 30
ORILLIA	Saturday-Monday, Nov. 5-7
TORONTO TEMPLE	Wednesday, Nov. 9
(Opening Life-Saving Scouts and Guards Handicraft Exhibition)	
TORONTO TEMPLE (Morning)	Sunday, Nov. 13
(Life-Saving Scouts and Guards Parade)	
SUDBURY	Sunday, Nov. 20
ST. THOMAS	Sunday, Nov. 27

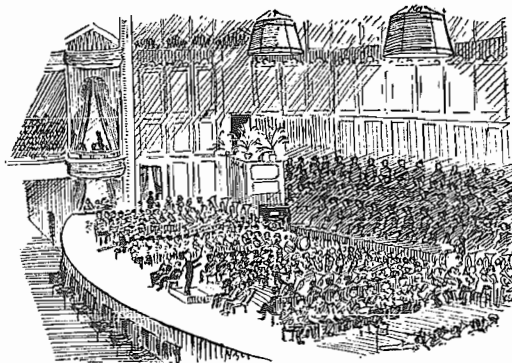
Mrs. Lieut.-Commissioner Maxwell

WEST TORONTO	Wednesday, Oct. 26
(Home League Sale of Work)	
ST. THOMAS	Thursday, Nov. 24
(Home League Sale of Work)	
TORONTO I	Tuesday, Nov. 29
(Home League Sale of Work)	

AN EVENING OF
DELIGHTIN THE MASSEY
HALL

The CONGRESS MUSICAL FESTIVAL

THREE HUNDRED BANDSMEN AND SONGSTERS UNITE IN RENDERING A MAGNIFICENT PROGRAM OF MUSIC AND SONG



COME with me to the Congress Festival. A great crowd is besieging the doors of the Massey Hall. But what else do you expect! Several hundreds offortunates have already swarmed through; others are following in their train.

Here we are at last safely deposited in the midst of an audience athrob with excitement and all carrying that look which reminds one of the famous chocolate boy in the attitude of "Anticipation." "Realization" will soon be ours.

The Bands are already trooping in and taking their places on the level platform; the Temple and Earlscourt—two red patches of color—in the middle; Dovercourt and Hamilton I forming grey and blue borders at either side. Behind them on the raised tiers are the blue uniformed Songsters—one hundred and forty of them in four long lines which contain the Brigades of Danforth (Leader, Eosign J. Wood), Lisgar Street (Leader, G. H. Ford), Riverdale (Leader, P. J. Barton), West Toronto (Leader, H. Read), and Oshawa (Leader, T. Conill).

The old Massey Hall has a look of



An artist's
impression of
"Norman"
our L.T.C.M.

welcome about it. as if saying, "Glad to see you again, Salvation Army. You are always welcome here; come as often as you can."

A chatty comrade behind certainly intends to enjoy himself to the full. He's evidently from Yorkshire, and not long out. "Aye, lad," he's just remarked to his friend, "reminds me of home. I mind four years ago we had a massed 'Do' in Yorkshire at our Corps at B— Shipley, Halifax and Bingley Bands were there, and our own lads. You ought to have 'eared our lads; they were champ on that neck. I remember—"

He doesn't bother to remember any more for here comes the Commissioner to start proceedings.

We are in joyful spirit to-night—the legacy of that great victorious finish last night. And we are starting on the same note: "There is a Fountain." After all, what's the use of our Army music if we forget that. So we "let it go" as we are asked, so that any who may not have plunged beneath that flood, may get their thoughts arrested right away. Colonel

Gaskin, who is called upon, includes in his prayer a petition for any such. The Commissioner is a good pilot to have on the bridge to-night. He knows the ropes. The feast is spread, if we may so abruptly switch the figure, and he knows it's no fun being a Tantalus. His opening remarks are brief, but to the point. He speaks of the impossibility of estimating the good accomplished by Army music since the Founder had the Divine inspiration to introduce it to Army service. These Bands are representative of a host of Bandsmen who year after year are helping spread the glorious news of liberty for fettered souls. On behalf of the Field Officers he voices appreciation of all the work put in by the Bands and Brigades of the Territory. "God bless them all," he concludes. "Ever keep the standard up!"

And so to the program. Staff-Captain Beer is up, and so is his baton, and the four Bands get down to business in fine style, swinging through the "Blessedly Saved" march as though rejoicing to find this means of broadcasting their testimony in such effective manner. A splendid thrill, this massed brass playing. It



"Aye, lad, that were champion!"

gets into your feet. How many times have some of us howled when foot-weary to the irresistible urge of martial music.

"You lads can play," whispers our Yorkshire friend. "Reminds me,"

etc., etc.

To the Temple Band, under Bandmaster Haugan, falls the nerve-rattling ordeal of playing the first individual item. But this doesn't seem to bother them, and they set off on the selection, "My Jesus," with fine spirit, giving a rendition of this piece of contrasted moods which wins unstinted appreciation. Good tone and marked ability to interpret mood, and music characterizes their playing. And they displayed some excellent soloists.

"Champion," (voice behind) "that's real champion! I remember—"

Now for the massed Songsters. Adjutant Keith holds the baton, and "Thus saith the Lord" is the chosen piece. They declare the word of the Lord in no uncertain manner, singing with spirit, and their song has a message. We want to hear them on the next item.

"Herald of Praise," Dovercourt's brilliantly-played march, is quickly followed by the selection, "All's well," from Hamilton I Band. These provincial representatives, under Bandmaster Wolno, get a reception all to themselves. Their item is a welcome revival; it takes one back a number of years to the war days, when many of our Bands were so depleted that they dare not tackle it, and so the piece is new to most of us. But Hamilton I are equal to it to-night, handling the selection in a manner that doesn't make the title a misnomer. The Band, by their rendering, wonderfully upholds the prestige of the provincial Bands. The audience is well pleased.

"Last time I 'eard that piece," (we are listening in again) "was in 't' Old Country, at a Festival our lads gave at Ripley, and . . ."

Earlscourt are preparing for action, and, under Bandmaster Pearce, they set our pulses throbbing to the rhythmic strains of the "Wellingtonian" march.

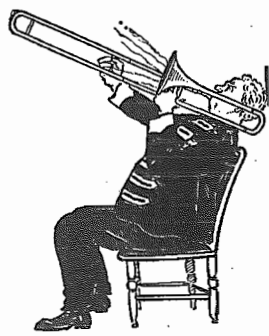
And then Dovercourt again, which this time, under Bandmaster Pearce, renders the selection "Over Jordan," from the latest Festival Series. A masterly presentation, this, truly interpreted and played with excellent

judgment and artistry. The brilliant, sweeping finale they give us wins them a great "hand." When our Yorkshire friend has finished applauding, he remarks: "Bit of real good playing. You lads know how to do it. They remind me of — Bond in 't' Old Country."

The Scripture reading by the Chief Secretary—a choice Psalm especially appropriate to such a gathering—is fully followed by some hymn tune playing from the united Bands—"Miserere," "St. Matthew" and "French," and the great audience adds vocal color to the last tune in slugging those wonderful lines:

"He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the vilest clean,
His blood avails for me."

There is a world of power in old tunes; the next item demonstrates the fact. The united Brigades stand to sing, "The Christ of Calvary," to the old tune "Annie Laurie." The male voices give us the first stanza in unison, and thereafter there is a variety of arrangement which makes the simple song fly to the heart with wonderful facility. But especially telling is that opening stanza by the subdued male voices. It is the unusual that always gets home—the surprise element. The piece is certainly the most effective bit of part singing we have heard at these Congress musicals.



He simply revelled in it

cals. The Brigades surely scored here.

"Aye, lad, that's real good. Ever 'eard the Sheffield Choir? It reminds me."

The tune lingers, and we are hard ready for the abrupt change of not necessitated by the "Fire Away" march given by the Temple Band. But the Band adapts itself to the change in the character of the music and gives a clear-cut, well-restrained, and good-toned rendition of this spirited item.

The united Bands now display their (Continued on page 13)

THE SPECTACULAR GEM

*800 Salvationists take part in Brilliant Pageant Portray-
Seven Thousand People Crowding Vast Arena*

THAT the Congress Pageant was announced to be "The Spectacular Gem of the Congress," was no idle boast, nor a mere coinage of a euphonious phrase. It was a veritable gem—a gem with many facets, each facet scintillating with dazzling brilliance.

Considering this initial event of the 45th Annual Congress, in retrospect, one comes to the ready conclusion that it was a history-making epoch in

and Mrs. Hoe—who have come to make their home among us. Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin, formerly of this Territory, well-known Officers, are there, too, having just returned from serving God and The Army "down under." Of course we have not forgotten Colonel and Mrs. Powley, who are also in the group.

These Army notables have reached the platform and the diminutive guard of honor delight them—and us

for all He has been to The Army, and to us individually, I want to thank the young folks for the very warm welcome they have given us.

"And now a word about one or two folks that are here. Although 'the Chief' is not able to come, we have in our midst Lt.-Commissioner and Mrs. Hoe, and other distinguished Officers—old friends of yours—Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin, and Colonel and Mrs. Powley—our old Chief Secretary; we are glad to see them. And I feel very happy to know my good wife is able to be amongst us again," an expression which was endorsed by all. "And now all of us want to make this Congress one of the very best in the history of Canada. It is our duty to be thankful as a nation, as a people, as an Army, as Salvationists. A thankful heart is not one that receives blessing, but the thankful receive that gift. Let all glorify the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost for His blessings. Thankfulness is my last word. Thankfulness is the expression of our gratitude; our gratitude to the Heavenly Father for what has come to us. May God bless you all. May this Congress be a great blessing for all."

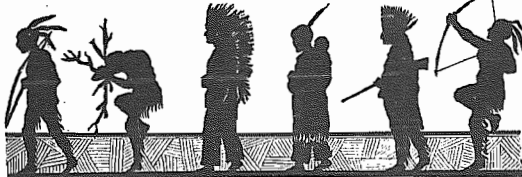
PART I

A gong sounds; the vast arena is plunged in inky blackness. The gong again—and spotlights begin to play on the arena floor. A breathless moment—and a lone Indian chief is seen slowly and majestically picking his way in the uncertain light towards the focussing point of the spotlights. Other figures appear, pacing eerily to and fro. The chief is joined by another brave; tom-toms are produced and a monotonous pounding begins. The braves and their squaws are now all assembled about the industrious tom-tom players and the noise ceases. A village caribou paw-wow is in progress. Strange rites are performed. (bear in mind this represents an era in the birth of Canada) In the midst of which an Indian runner dashes into the enclosure, salutes the chief and announces the arrival of strange white men from beyond the seas. A peremptory gesture from the chief and the runner hastens to bring the

strangers before his chief.

Who comprise the intrepid band which has braved the treacherous waters of a wide and angry ocean and the rigors of an unknown climate, in the interests of their country? Who could it be but the French, zealot, Cartier, and his brave colleagues.

The meeting between the two leaders is very formal: the chief is distant and haughty, but a gift of a beautiful garment by Cartier works wonders: the chief is enraptured and soon becomes very cordial! The gift proves an open sesame to the



Some Indian characters in the Pageant

the annals of The Salvation Army in Canada. It was a triumphing spectacle triumphantly enacted.

Picture the huge Mutual St. Arena, aflood with brilliant and abuzz with the murmurings of a host numbering seven thousand.

Hush! the murmurings subside: we are vaguely conscious that something is about to happen. At the southern extremity of the amphitheatre a slow-moving procession is seen approaching. It is a guard of honor, formed of Life-Saving Saboteurs and Chums, daintily attired in grey and yellow and sweetly singing a childish march song. But who are the august charges they are escorting? Our own Commissioner, and Mrs. Maxwell are there; the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Henry, and there are some strangers, too. There are those veterans of Missionary warfare — Lt.-Commissioner

—with a gladsome greeting song which is concluded with a lusty cheer and a frantic waving of their tiny flags.

The Chief Secretary offers prayer, striking a timely note of praise and thanksgiving. The Commissioner, we note by the program, is billed to speak at this juncture. Already he is speaking:

"Owing to unavoidable circumstances having arisen, we are not privileged to have with us Commissioner Higgins. I think I can say on behalf of all Salvationists, that we regret that the Chief of the Staff is not here. No doubt, many of the Salvationists have been looking forward to seeing him. Keep believing. Maybe on another occasion he may be with us."

"Colonel Henry, in his prayer, struck the right note—a note of thanks. We all thank God for the year that lies behind; a year of blessing, and we gather to-night, happy to be here. We thank God Almighty



Out pops a gigantic grub

hearts of these simple natives. Bartering Canada for a garment!

Jacques Cartier, now enquires the Indian name of the great country which he has claimed for his sovereign. "Kanata" (the Indian name for a collection of wigwams) exclaim the natives in chorus. "Kanata," repeat Cartier and his followers, and this portrays the manner in which Canada received her name.

What now? A radiant form approaches. It is Miss Canada. A thrill grips every heart as this emerald figure, simply attired in purple and white, a crown of maple-leaves on her head, mounts the dais, assisted by the gal-



Some of the folk who took part in the Pageant. Included in the group are Jacques Cartier, Tecumseh, Brant, Wolfe and Champlain, with

OF THE 45th CONGRESS

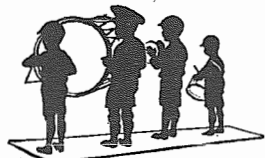
ing Canada's Pioneers of the Past, Present and Future

Experience One Hundred and Fifty Minutes of Thrills

last Jacques and his Indian friend. Miss Canada is enthroned!

The enthronement of this symbolic maiden is the signal for the review of several famous national characters.

Who is this walking with such dignified mien? It is the great French adventurer, Champlain. He pays homage to Miss Canada and joins the number already grouped about the dais. Here comes Kirke, now Dollard. Frontenac appears; now Montcalm, the last defender of French supremacy.



The "men" who make the noise

acry in our fair land. His victorious opponent—Wolfe—follows. Ah, his heroism is well-known to all Canadian children, as their cheers and hand-clapping well show. The stirring strains of:

"In days of yore, from Britain's shore,
Wolfe, the dauntless hero came."

are heard. The friendly Indian chief, Brant, advances, in picturesque regalia, and behind him comes Simcoe, the immortal General Brock, the demure but resourceful Laura Secord, whose memory is enshrined in the heart of every school child. Lastly comes the redskin, Tecumseh.

Representatives of the nine Provinces now march smartly in and make their bow, their garb and implements indicating the Province they represent. The leaders of these troops assist Miss Canada in an impressive act—the lighting of the

Beacon of Confederation.

What part is The Army going to play in this fascinating presentation? The Army symbolizes progress, of which the salvaging and re-organizing of human derelicts is a vital part. Where, then, is The Army? Here we have the answer to our query. A group marches briskly on to the floor, stepping smartly to a Salvation air, played by the Dovercourt Band. It is representative of The Salvation Army which, in the year 1882, was introduced to Canada, and thus is worthily numbered among the pioneers. Miss Salvation Army steps forward, outlining to Miss Canada the work she is prepared to undertake for the outcast and downtrodden. Miss Canada welcomes her effusively. Of course she would! She links arms with the Salvation lassie and they pass out in review, followed by the pioneer cavalcade.

Part One is over. It was stirring, you will agree! It has been a vivid portrayal of a vivid past. A book of enticing adventure could not compare with this magnificent spectacle of romance and history.

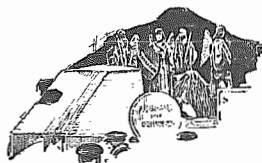
PART II

Our program indicates that there is an equally thrilling and instructive period to come. "Canada's young Salvationists will demonstrate," reads the caption.

The floor has been cleared for action and—well, what's this? A large cylindrical-shaped object is being hauled into the spotlight area. Looks not unlike an oversized howitzer shell, but no, it can't be. Butterflies don't handle such formidable things, and four dainty little human yellow butterflies, with wings 'n all are trundling the mysterious object. Our curiosity is piqued, but must apparently remain unsatisfied, for they have left the "shell" on one side, and to all intents and purposes have forgotten about it.

Oh, what a picture! A flock of other yellow butterflies are flitting into the Arena; they trip prettily hither and thither, and now—they surround the mysterious "bug o' tricks"! The mystery is solved! Out pops a gigantic and ugly grub from the cocoon, for such it is. The grub appears quite friendly and nods a pleasant "Good evening, folks." Having made its wriggling way among the admiring little butterflies it retires into its cosy cocoon. A moment of suspense—out pops a pretty little silver butterfly; she is followed by another, and yet another. They flutter themselves into the affections of the 7,000 eager watchers, and with their yellow-winged sisters flutter off the floor. Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Attwell and her diminutive squad well deserve the hearty plaudits that are given.

The next item is assuredly a potential demonstration of the worth of The Army's musical forces among our youth. Stepping to an inspiring



The Army Chariot

march the Danforth, Riverdale, Dovercourt and Oshawa Y.P. Bands circle the floor and form en masse in the centre. Here they render with dash and verve a march, entitled "Brave and Daring," Staff-Captain Beer leading.

In rapid succession the Life-Saving Guards, under Guard-Leader Bird, of Riverdale, graphically exemplify the story of the Canadian flag, the

A la

Twitchee



crosses of St. George (England), St. Andrew (Scotland), and St. Patrick (Ireland), and the red ensign of Canada being symbolized. The national airs of these races accompany the exercises, a quartette of Riverdale Bandsmen being responsible for the music.

With a spectacular dash, four Troops of Scouts, each trailing a trek-cart, now make their appearance. We are in for some excitement. A curt command from the leader—Scout-Leader E. Bishop, West Toronto—and those nimble Life-Savers literally fear the trek-carts to pieces. With a few seconds all that can be seen of four perfectly sound trek-carts are pieces scattered about the floor. Another command rings out and, with bewildering rapidity and remarkable agility, the laughing themselves upon their individual "pieces" and—presto!—the scattered bits become a perfect whole. They say the official designation in Scoutdom for this speedy work is unlimbering and limbering. Thrilling, yes, but look at the barriers, representing a five-foot wall, have been erected. The order has been given and they are rushing upon the barriers, like seasoned artillerymen in war. How will they overcome the obstacle; how will they get their trek-carts over? Trust Scouts to achieve the seeming

(Continued on page 13)



Indians, soldiers and sailors, as well as representatives of the Overseas Territories, where The Salvation Army is at work



Congress Sunday

A DAY OF DIVINE VISITATION—HOLINESS AND SALVATION PROCLAIMED WITH CERTAINTY AND POWER—ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EIGHT SURRENDERS—GLORIOUS AND MELTING SIGHTS AT THE MERCY-SEAT.

MORNING

NO PEAL of bells or rolling organ-harmony called to prayer the host of Salvationists and friends gathered in the city for the third meeting of the Congress, but out through the open doors of the Massey Hall poured forth, silvery-clear and battle-strong, a warlike Song of Salvation played upon instruments of brass by men whose souls have been redeemed and who wear within their breasts the pledge of love of the Incomparable Christ in whose service they have enlisted. The Temple and Danforth Bands upon the platform excelled themselves in their playing of simple, choice melodies, and during the singing by Bandsman Hotchkiss of the Temple, of Frances Ridley Havergal's song of consecration, "Take my life" to a sweetly exquisite tune, emotion woke to vibrant life in hundreds of hearts, and spirits silently poured themselves out as water at the feet of the Eternal Beloved.

The entrance upon the platform of Lt.-Commissioner Maxwell and a notable company of Salvation Army warriors, was greeted with expectant pleasure by the capacity audience, and surely the Hallelujah-harmonies of the opening song rivalled even those of the angelic hosts filling the visions of saints and seers of all ages.

"Oh come, let us worship," rang out the Chief Secretary's voice at the conclusion of the song, "let us kneel before the Lord our Maker; for He is our God and we are the sheep of His pasture." As the vast congregation knelt and sang with closed eyes and spirits winged up that song of entreaty, "I need Thee, Oh! I need Thee," prayers, like incense, rose from worshipping souls, and one became conscious of a strangely poignant Presence in the midst of the throng. In a prayer of grateful praise for the song upon many lips, Colonel Powley, Canada East's former Chief Secretary, besought the aid of the Holy Spirit in the cultivation of hearing ears so that the lessons which God would be teaching in the forthcoming hour might be happily received.

Quietly, feelingly, the Commissioner led the congregation in the prayer-song, "Have Thine own way, Lord," and as he and Captain Ethel Maxwell sang the verses in duet, the moments were filled with blessing.

Following a few words spoken in a happy vein of gratitude to God for His manifold mercies, the Chief Secretary invited the congregation to a contemplation of the great theme, Holiness of heart.

Using striking Biblical illustrations to support his argument, he forcefully emphasized the necessity for all of God's people to seek and obtain the Second Blessing.

After the united Bands had rendered with fine feeling the beautiful song; "Grace there is," Canada East's Territorial Leader rose to address the meeting. Following sequentially the

thought of the preceding evening suggested by the figure of a "family circle" in The Army, with one Father, God, the Commissioner read interpretatively the 103rd Psalm, dwelling upon each wonder-word as though by human tones to present to alien souls a picture of "our Father" as He is.

He seized upon the word "all," seeking in earnest manner to impress upon his hearers the glorious fact that it is possible to be delivered from all sin; no matter what its form. Speaking to those who excused themselves because of their environment, he turned their thoughts

AFTERNOON

SOME striking phases of the work being done by The Salvation Army in India, Australia and Canada were interestingly described by three speakers in the Massey Hall on Sunday afternoon, and some equally striking tributes to The Army were paid by three outstanding Army friends of influential position in public life.

It was a gathering memorable for its impressiveness, enthusiasm and educative value regarding The Army's spirit and work throughout the world and the large crowd present, which occupied every seat in the Hall, undoubtedly gained a much clearer conception of the aims and purposes of our Organization, as well as a better realization of how it is carrying out its Divine mission with unabated vigor.

HIS HONOR
W. D. ROSS,
LL.D., Lieut.-
Governor of
Ontario, pre-



**LIEUT.-COMMISSIONER
AND MRS. MAXWELL
CANADA EAST**

**The Congress
Leaders**

to Enoch, the man who in the midst of sin "walked with God." "You may find this experience impossible if you seek it in your own strength," he declared "but God can make it gloriously possible." To be a friend of God, to walk with Him in quiet confidence and intimacy—how transporting the thought! What a tragedy that men fall so far short of what they may be!

As Colonel Adby directed the thought of the meeting towards a definite and obvious step in the direction of God, home and happiness, the light of heaven fell athwart the

sided over this gathering, and his warm-hearted words of praise for The Army's work revealed the fact that he has closely studied the Movement and that it has his wholehearted endorsement.

A guard of honor, composed of Life-Saving Scouts of the Temple Corps, was drawn up at the door of the Hall when the Lt.-Governor arrived, and when he appeared on the platform the whole assembly stood and sang the National Anthem in honor of the King's representative.

Following the opening song, Colonel Taylor, the Field Secretary, led in prayer, thanking God for all the dark

and desolate homes that had been made happy through the ministrations of The Army, and asking His blessing on the gathering to the end that the story of past victories might strengthen the faith of all and inspire to greater things in the future.

Colonel Henry, the Chief Secretary, then presented the Lieut.-Governor to the audience.

"We greet His Honor gladly as a representative of the British Crown," he said. "We are delighted to have him with us on this occasion. We also welcome him for himself, for his character, for the place he has made and for his native worth."

The address given by His Honor is set out in full elsewhere.

Lt.-Commissioner Hoe, garbed in the picturesque uniform of Army Officers in India, was then called on as the first representative speaker.

He referred to the uniform which he wore as a "friendly gesture" for the Indian people which was proving very helpful to The Army, enabling our Officers to get in close touch with those they sought to bless.

His interesting address afforded the audience a colorful glimpse of the far-off mission field of which he spoke. The story of what The Army is doing amongst the Criminal Tribes was intensely impressive and must certainly have aroused feelings of gratitude to God to arise in the hearts of the audience that such a wonderful work was being carried on by The Army.

The Lt.-Governor thanked the Commissioner for his interesting and instructive address and then called on Colonel Gaskin to speak on The Army's work in Australia.

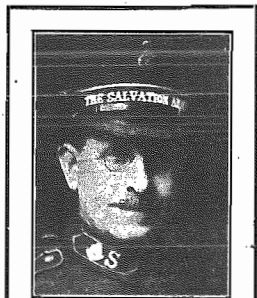
The Colonel's presentation of facts regarding the activities of our Organization "down under" provided ample proof that our comrades there are a virile fighting force, carrying on a splendid work for humanity with unflinching zeal and steadfast purpose.

The chairman referred to the Colonel's address as "a delightful story," and then called on Lt.-Commissioner Maxwell to speak on what The Army is doing in Canada.

Our Territorial Leader reminded his hearers that forty-five years ago there was no Army in Canada. Today, by the good blessing of God, there are no fewer than 1,158 Officers carrying on the work of the Organization in Canada East alone.

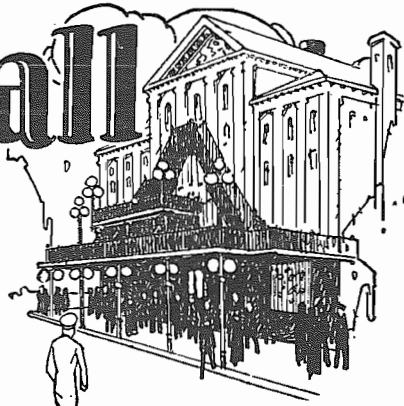
He went on to speak of the various branches of the work, relating some striking incidents to convey some idea of what was implied by the figures quoted.

It was indeed a stirring and heartening story of progress that he had to tell, one which must surely have



The Chief Secretary

in Massey Hall



THE LIEUT. - GOVERNOR OF ONTARIO PRESIDES AT AFTERNOON GATHERING, WHEN REPRESENTATIVE SPEAKERS GIVE INFORMATIVE AND HEART-STIRRING ADDRESSES ON PHASES OF ARMY'S WORK AT HOME AND ABROAD.

caused feelings of gratification and praise to God to arise in the hearts of Salvationists and friends alike. But, as was evident from his concluding remarks, we are not going to rest on our oars, so to speak, and he went on with what has been accomplished: the cry of human need is ever sounding in our ears, and we are anxious to launch out in new directions and do something more yet to meet that need. The Army in Canada East is marching on to greater things yet.

Commenting on the splendid address given by our Territorial Leader and the other speakers, His Honor said: "The whole world owes a debt of gratitude to The Salvation Army." In moving a vote of thanks to His Honor for presiding, His Worship Mayor Foster said, "We appreciate very much His Honor's presence at this wonderful gathering and I think we have all benefited very much through hearing the splendid addresses given."

The vote was seconded by Dr. Margaret Patterson, Police Magistrate, who said she was very happy to give her personal testimony to the splendid work The Army is doing.

"It is easier to make a person see the love of God when they see something of the love of man," she said. "The Army is doing this work in a practical way as it is demonstrating daily that there is a chance for everybody who has the right kind of a friend. I regard the police court over which I preside as a link in the chain of human sympathy, but without the splendid help of The Salvation Army that would be impossible. I am glad to have had an opportunity of expressing what is in my heart regarding The Army. I have been thrilled by the messages of what is being done."

During the course of the meeting the West Toronto Band rendered the "Perfect Trust" selection and the Earlscourt Band "The Army Spirit" selection. The United Songsters sang "Enlisted in The Army" and "Who is on the Lord's side."

NIGHT

"IT IS the Lord who hath done this mighty work. We give Jesus the glory." When the Commissioner spoke these words in his concluding prayer before leaving the Massey Hall platform to-night a loud "Amen" rose from a thousand lips for truly none but He could work such mighty miracles as our eyes looked upon.

The great crowd has left the building now, and as we write these notes still vividly photographed on the mind are those wonderful penitential scenes—for the sight of ninety-three men and women kneeling in contrition of heart at the feet of

their Lord is one which does not easily pass from the mental vision.

Tears flowed to-night from eyes long dry. Yes! and many of us who sought to help the Christ-seekers

be told that the Massey Hall with its two spacious balconies running round three sides of the capacious building was thronged long, long before this great finale to Congress

were in battle array, fired by a realization of the strength of the enemy powers shouting defiance at the hosts of the Lord, and the Soldiers of Christ were determined to win the day.

There were many tactics employed to this end. Prayer, song, and exhortation were the chief. Prayer, surcharged with faith, was used with wonderful effect. "O Lord," cried Lt.-Colonel Moore in the early evening, "we will not let Thee go. We believe that victory shall be won in Thy name." And then those heart cries in the Prayer meeting on behalf of men and women wronged and deceived by the Evil One. Hearing these fervent beseechings, can any ask, "Does prayer prevail?"

The singing! Can you imagine the effect of such heart-reachers as, "Tell me the Old, Old Story," with which the meeting opened, "Just as I am, without one plea," in which the Chief Secretary led us later on, and those melting choruses, such as, "He died of a broken heart," sung by a multitude of voices. Enough surely to melt the hardest heart. "I never shall forget the singing of this Sunday. It has stirred me to the depths" exclaimed the Commissioner as he led the Founder's soul-winning song: "O boundless Salvation." Who can tell just how much this vocal exhortation, prayer, and gospel message, yes, and that moving song, prayer played by the Dovercourt and Riverdale Bands, had to do with what followed?

And then those earnest appeals which fell on the ears of that mighty assemblage. How could any man or woman remain unresponsive to the urgent awakening words which fell from the lips first of Mrs. Maxwell and then of the Commissioner. Mrs. Maxwell addressed herself chiefly to those who were once "members of the family" but who had wandered away. She sought to show them the peril of their state; how they were displeasing God and wasting precious talents which could be devoted to bettering their fellow men, and she took pains to make them realize that for all such there was a welcome awaiting them in the Father's House.

Then came the Commissioner's stirring call to the sinner. He spoke of sin as a thief which breaks into the castle of a man's soul and not only himself robs the soul of priceless possessions but lets in a whole troop of other robbers. He got down to concrete things, and showed his hearers clear portraits of several of these thieves so that they would recognize them, and recognizing them, would be eager to eject them and bar and bolt the door against them.

As he spoke we felt that powerful influences were moving over the gathering. The Commissioner sensed this. "We are going to hear the bells ringing to-night," he exclaimed, "because men and women are going to be liberated." The Salvationists (Continued on page 12)

THE LIEUT.-GOVERNOR OF ONTARIO PAYS A WARM TRIBUTE TO THE ARMY

CONSIDER it a privilege to have this opportunity to express my appreciation and admiration of the great work done by The Salvation Army.

It is almost unbelievable that this Movement, which now encircles the world, was started only sixty years ago by one man and one woman in one of the poorest districts in East London.



His Honor W. D. Ross, LL.D.

William and Catherine Booth had a vision of conquering the world for Christ, armed only with the simple Gospel story, and at Christmas, 1877, baptized their mission with the name Salvation Army. The tremendous success of this Movement has demonstrated what can be accomplished by the cooperation of human will and Divine inspiration.

Mrs. Booth carried on the work of three women—that of home-maker, mother and Army leader, and was great in all three. When she died, in 1890—one of the best-loved women that ever lived—The Army was even then working in nineteen countries.

When William Booth, the Founder, died, in 1912, the Flag of his beloved Army was flying in sixty countries. I do not know any other man who has been privileged to

see, in his own lifetime, such tremendous growth of the work he had established.

The Founders have gone, but their dauntless spirit is still marching with The Army, which never ceases to heed the command of our Lord, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

Millions of human lives have been made, and are being made, happier by this mighty organization.

The Salvation Army is to-day working in eighty countries. Its far-reaching and diversified activities, under the organizing genius of the present General Booth, make us stand in wonder and admiration. In its march it meets economic, as well as moral and spiritual problems of emigration, immigration and unemployment.

The Army is one great fraternity. It encourages marriage and family life. It gives women equal responsibility with men, always taking care that their duties to home and children are not neglected.

Mrs. Bramwell Booth is a shining example of the women of The Army, working unselfishly, cheerfully and tirelessly for the great objects of—

Proclaiming the message of the Saviour,
Befriending and blessing the friendless,
Saving the children,
Winning the heathen.

And the great work goes on. It never stops.

It is almost impossible to over-rate its value to the world, and I am glad to add my tribute to the many that have been paid to the magnificent work of The Salvation Army.

mingled our tears with theirs. Whose eyes could remain unmoist at the sight of that aged couple of Salvationists standing weeping and praying over their son and daughter kneeling at the mercy-seat? But of this later.

Just for a moment take a glimpse at this meeting. You do not need to

Sunday commenced. An impressive sight and an inspiring one! To one who revels in a soul-saving effort like our Territorial Leader, it served to stir the fighting spirit the more. It was a "words out" effort for him. No mere loose term this "Battle for souls" which the posters had announced. The Salvationists



Mrs. Colonel Henry

Three Thousand Attend Soldiers' Assembly

THE COMMISSIONER Leads a Heart-Warming "Family Gathering" in the Massey Hall—Outpourings of Blessing—Veterans and Recruits Inspired for Fighting Service

THE first devotional meeting of the Congress was held in Massey Hall on Saturday night, and if any pessimist had held the opinion that it was only the spectacular nature of Friday night's Pageant which had attracted the huge crowd, it would have done that person a world of good to see the magnificent audience which gathered in historic Massey Hall for this Soldiers' and ex-Soldiers' meeting.

Nothing sensational had been promised or was expected; there was to be no musical program, no demonstration of any kind; these thousands had gathered to hear the Word of God made plain and learn His ways more perfectly, to see their duty more clearly, and to find new grace to walk in the new light thus received. Music was provided by the Lisgar Street Corps Band, which rendered splendid service both before and during the meeting. Taking the platform at seven o'clock they dispelled the tedium of waiting while the crowd gathered, so that when the meeting commenced there was a happy, expectant audience, ready to cooperate in every effort to glorify God and extend His Kingdom.

Promptly at 7:30, the Chief Secretary rose to conduct the preliminaries, and from that moment interest was maintained at a high pitch until the closing prayer dismissed the people to await with eagerness and faith for the battle of the morrow.

In his opening address, the Commissioner voiced the regret of all concerned that circumstances had made it impossible for the Chief of the Staff to conduct the Congress, but also expressed his confidence that

if all present would unite in waiting upon God He would not withhold the supply for our needs, and this Congress would be memorable for the power and blessing experienced. The reception given to his words was an assurance that the comrades who had looked forward eagerly to the Chief of the Staff's visit would support the Commissioner with equal zeal now that the responsibility had fallen upon his shoulders.

Very welcome visitors to this and the other Congress gatherings were Lt.-Commissioner and Mrs. Hoe. Probably everyone present had heard of these veterans of our Indian Mission Field, where for over a quarter of a century they have poured out their love and service without stint upon the people to whose Salvation their lives were dedicated in their youth. As the Commissioner rose to give this his initial address he received an ovation that left no shade of doubt about his welcome, and as he spoke of the Holy Spirit Who was

so willing to "lend a hand" in our weakness, and to second our every effort for the souls of others, his passionate earnestness constituted a challenge to a more daring faith, and a ringing call to more devoted service.

The outburst of applause which followed the mention of the names of Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin betokened a welcome to old friends that was sincere and hearty.

The Colonel did not allow the joy of homecoming to interfere with this priceless opportunity of dealing with souls, and his message to us had all the earnest appeal and keen spiritual insight which Canadian Salvationists have so long associated with his name.

When our own Commissioner rose to his feet in the latter part of the meeting it was with the set purpose of gathering our thoughts and focussing them in faith on definite results. He spoke of the meeting as a family gathering, referring jocu-

larly to himself as the father; but soon led us to a contemplation of God as the Divine Father of all, and Jesus our Great Elder Brother, pressing home our responsibility for being like Our Father in spirit and interest.

A Tender Appeal

There was a tender spirit in the meeting as he spoke of those who had got outside the family circle, and were now as strangers to God. He hoped there were not many in the meeting who had thus wandered away, but if there were any, their Father was holding the door wide open in welcome for them to return. The invitation was barely given when a man in the uniform of a Scout Leader made his way quickly down the aisle to claim closer fellowship with God.

This was not the occasion for a Prayer Battle, and the meeting was not prolonged, but in the interval before the closing six songs, heard by the blessed relationship with the Father which so enriches the life and makes fruitful the service of those who are the sons and daughters of the living God.

The hours spent in this meeting under the light of God's Spirit were a splendid preparation for the meetings of Congress Sunday, and undoubtedly contributed much to the victories over which we rejoice when that day's fighting was over.

OVERFLOW MEETING IN PANTAGES

LT.-COMMISSIONER HOE AND COLONEL GASKIN LEAD IMPRESSIVE GATHERING, ATTENDED BY CONGREGATION OF 2,400 PEOPLE

TWENTY-FOUR SEEKERS KNEEL IN PENITENCE

LONG before the time at which the Sunday night meeting was scheduled to commence, Massey Hall was filled to capacity, and the guardians of the law very courteously, but none the less firmly, closed the doors and left a small army of latecomers on the sidewalk disconsolately meditating on what might have been if they had hurried a little more, or left home a little earlier. To these folk listening to the music from within, and hoping that something might happen which would

first opportunity of hearing the Commissioner, and all were impressed with his intense earnestness; no flowery language, no stereotyped

A FRIEND IN NEED

Adjutant Moat, The Army's Police Court Officer in Toronto, was recently able to render signal service to two young men who had come from the U.S.A. to visit the Canadian National Exhibition.

The lads came from good homes and their lives had been exemplary, but the removal of home restraint and the unwonted excitement attendant upon the Exhibition must have gone to their heads; at any rate one of them fell into the hands of the police as a vagrant.

A hurried letter home brought anxious relatives to Toronto, who were somewhat bewildered by the predicament in which they found their loved one, until it was suggested that The Army might lend its proverbial helping hand.

The Adjutant interviewed the young man and felt that the interests of justice would be best served if he were allowed to go home, so on the day of the trial he duly appeared before the court and made an appeal on his behalf, assuring the judge that he would be taken home at once and would give no further trouble. The judge, under these circumstances, had him discharged, and it was a grateful party who immediately left for their home in the States.

A few days later a warm letter of thanks came to hand from the boys' uncle, a prominent business man in his home city, in which he says: "I know you are only too glad to have been able to do this, for it is 'your meat and drink to do your Master's will'; but we appreciate it nevertheless."

So another young life was helped to a spiritual purpose and another link forged in the chain which binds The Army to the hearts of the people.



Colonel Gaskin



Lt.-Commissioner Hoe

platform gestures, but a simple, burning eagerness to get God's message to the hearts of the people in the most direct way possible.

With no mincing of words he voiced a solemn warning that in a very real sense a man must bear the penalty of his own actions; that life is governed by certain immutable laws which visit punishment upon the offender; this was not to be accepted as the whole gospel—Colonel Gaskin would deal with the other side presently—but it was a phase which was in danger of being overlooked, and the consequence of this neglect would be fatal, men must recognize the justice of God as well as His mercy. He concluded with a most telling illustration of a sculptor and his little son; while the father fashioned a gigantic figure of Hercules, the child with a sliding stone could only produce a ridiculous clown. It was a dramatic moment as the Commissioner faced that vast audience with his challenge "What will you make of your life and character, a Hercules or a clown? God has trusted you with the material, and the moulding of your destiny is largely

in your own hands."

Colonel Gaskin, when he rose to speak, gave an address on the Sermon on the Mount. God is merciful as well as just, he declared, for the life which was a failure there was victory through grace, yes, the clown might become a Hercules by turning to Christ. He told us wonderful cases of conversion which he had witnessed; degraded men and women lifted to heights of righteousness, sin-shackled slaves set a liberty, burdens rolled away, blind eyes opened; and Christ is just like same to-day.

Colonel Adhy led the Prayer meeting, and it was not long before the first seeker was at the mercy-seat to be followed by others in ones and twos until twenty-four were kneeling in penitence at the Saviour's feet. Colonel Adhy is well known as a Prayer meeting strategist, and when the fight was hardest he called for volunteers to come to his assistance on the platform, where they beseege the Throne of Grace with prayer that would not be denied.

The crowd thinned out but this gave the fishers a better opportunity, and the isolated ones were held to a decision. It was a well-fought Prayers meeting and the Angels must have rejoiced at the results.

A SOLDIER'S TESTIMONY

Four years ago in The Army Hall at Timmins God spoke to me. Drim had such a hold on me that it was with a struggle I surrendered to God saved me.

I gave my services in the Great War for five years; now, thank God I am in a greater and nobler War fighting for the Master who saves me from sin.—C. T. Cooke, Timmins, Ont.

"We cannot retain the Founder's ideal unless we retain his spirit of self-sacrifice."—Colonel A.T. Brewster

AFTER MANY DAYS

THE STORY OF PREACHER MOORE'S SON

by ENSIGN VINCENT CUNNINGHAM

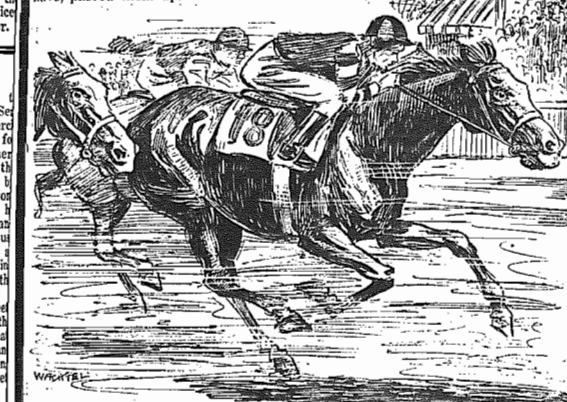
CHAPTER VII

Bill Hears the Truth

CONTRARY to his usual custom, William Moore lay long abed, pondering, by mid-morning light, the events of another day and speculating about the prospects in store for him between noon and sunset. Smiling at cards, a profession he had espoused early in life, was beginning to pall upon the man and succeeding victories with the pasteboards and the dice held smaller attraction.

The evening before, a chance meeting with Jim Edwards, the words of a Salvation Army girl and her magnificent faith in God and holy things passed in review before his mind's eye. In turn they called up a vision of boyhood days, of the simple faith of his parents and their love for God. He recalled the tragedies of poverty, the humiliation that they underwent in following out their call to "French the Word," as his Dad termed it.

"It simply can't be," he soliloquized. "They followed out the Bible and prayed. They did everything that good people ought to do. If ever there were Christian people, my Dad and Mom were Christians. They lived and died poor. They missed everything that life has to offer. Good clothes, a good home, money, pleasure, everything that people ought to have, passed them up."



From the wire Betsy Ann not only maintained her speed, but steadily put distance between herself and the field

"On the other hand look at me. I've raised hell, one way or another, from one end of the country to the other. I've broken most of the Bible laws and a good many of the laws of man. I've trimmed one sucker after another for the best part of my life, and I've lived on easy street from the time I cut away from the bunk about religion. If there is a God, He's been a lot better to me than He was to them."

Thus he mused until a faint

appetite spurred him into clothing and toward the breakfast table. The collation finished he turned to the business of the day and hunted up his friend Jim Edwards, and the pair drove to the race track where the long green was to be won or lost.

"When did Gentleman Bill Moore start playing the ponies?" wise track folk wanted to know, when his money began to show up. Bill was never a piker so he began by backing Betsy Ann off the boards in the auction pool. The horse was a sleeper at all right and the odds were fifty to one when Bill and Jim began taking all comers. Before the barrier went up the two men were on the track, each with fists full of money and taking every bet offered and the odds had assumed a ratio of two to one. Denverites were classing Bill as a dead game sport by a ruck sucker and rating his wealth by the barrels full. As a matter of fact it was much less, but he knew the how of making a bunch of fives, tens and twenties talk like a wad of grands.

They are talking about that race yet in Denver and Betsy Ann has won it to these many years. From the wire Betsy Ann throw dust in the eyes of the favorites and not only

tables. Hastily sought information on the part of the Denver gamblers revealed that Bill was a wizard and they studiously avoided encounters with him. He loafed around the joints for several weeks, and finally, driven to work by the pall of idleness, got a job dealing faro.

It was as a dealer that Moore showed the Denver fraternity how to "take the big ones" and lifted the roll of one member of a highly aristocratic American family, now numbering its descendants among the royalty of Europe.

The youngster was being conveyed westward in one of the palatial private cars on his father's railroad and hearing that Denver was a hot spot, stopped off to gather such excitement as it might offer. Included in his rounds was the whirling spindle wherein Moore held forth.

"What's the limit?" asked the youngster of the dealer when he came to the faro layout Bill presided over. He forebore to answer immediately while sizing up his style. Now was man dressed so that son of wealth and envy gnawed hungrily at the hearts of those who had before the vision, imagined themselves snappy dressers.

"Well, what are you waiting for?" he demanded. "Let's have the news. What's the limit?" and the visitor pulled a handful of gold coins from a pocket of his top coat and began to jingle them.

A surge of fierce resentment swept over the dealer. By what right did this young aristocrat command the attention which was his. Certainly he never and anything to earn it. Idle, rich and profligate, he was. Even the rebellious spirit of Moore found fault with such a wastrel. In a moment the feeling passed and he glanced to where the boss was doing lookout duty in a high chair. There was inquiry in the glance and the lookout turned his eyes toward the ceiling.

"The roof's the limit here, young fellow," replied Moore. "Thinking of losing a little money to the bank?"

"What's a little money?" the youth wanted to know. "The old man got plenty and maybe I might win some. Win or lose; don't make any difference to me," and he began to play.

Handfuls of gold were placed and, as each disappeared, he dug others out of the coat pocket. In less than an hour he was out ten thousand dollars, and apparently well satisfied with the speed.

"The town's sure a hot spot," he chortled. "Good as Canfields any day in the year."

No work for Bill that night. He had properly bumped a fat sucker's head and made him lick and the dough he had so skillfully taken from the would-be sport. Moore took on a little liquor, something he did not usually do, and before turning in went down to The Salvation Army Hall in quest of the Captain in order to dig out the hoodoo by giving The Army a rake-off.

The dear soul had gone about her Master's business, however, and was, even then, visiting the homes of the

poor, so he promised himself to seek them out in the evening after a day of sleep, a duty which he religiously performed. The Corps was at an Open-air meeting when he found them and put a heaping handful of gold on the drum. This done, the gambler started to make his usual getaway, but for once the girl Captain beat him to it, and managed to button-hole him on the far side of the street.

"Why do you give us money?" she demanded.

"Oh, I cotton to the live ones and you sure deal a live game."



"Why do you give us money?" she demanded

"Then why don't you stay? Why do you always run away from us after you give it?"

"Well, you see I like your work, but not your religion," he began.

"That's not the reason. You're a gambler. I've looked you up and I know. I know why you run away, too. You are under conviction and you are too big a coward to stay."

He flushed. "Only a woman could call me a coward," he said hotly.

"And after this—"

"After this you'll do just as you've been doing," she calmly interjected. "You'll come and you'll give money and you'll think it is just to hold your luck. But I know and you know that it is because your conscience bothers you, and I know also that you'll never have any peace or rest in your soul until you give God a chance."

This time he blushed. The girl had hit home hard. It's a dirty trick to wish that on me—

"I'm not wishing it on you. The Holy Spirit is troubling you and He doesn't need any help from me. I know how He works and I know that He'll never let you alone until you either finally reject Him or until you give your heart to God."

(To be continued)

Twelve Souls on Rally Day

SHERBROOKE (Ensign and Mrs. Larman)—The Young People's Work has made rapid advances during recent weeks. The attendance at the Company Meeting has been trebled, 134 young people being present at the Company Meeting and Directory Class inclusive. Lieutenant Hallam was welcomed four weeks ago and has taken the oversight of all Young People's Work. Extensive visiting and the personal touches of the Lieutenant have accounted for the rapid growth of this branch of Corps work.

On a recent Sunday the Ensign visited and addressed the Home Company at West Sherbrooke, and also visited the Primary Department, where a special work is being carried on by Primary Leader Sister M. Hall and Corps Cadet B. Mitchell. Plans are now under way to commence a Home Company at Lennoxville Outpost, and week-night Salvation meetings are being made daily there. Recent attendances made Rally Day a decided success. Special addresses were given both morning and evening, and a program by the young people, assisted by the Senior Band

and Singers, was arranged by the Lieutenant. Mrs. Colonel Bell, from Australia, who is visiting her son here, was the special speaker, and chose as her subject: "The Beginnings of Young People's Corps in The Army." In the evening meeting the Ensign dedicated Geraldine, the adopted daughter of Brother and Sister Smith. Twelve new recruits were registered at the rendezvous, eight of whom were between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five. Some of these are now prospective Corps Cadets. We are in to make Sherbrooke Brigade the largest in the Division.

West Toronto Band Lends a Hand

SCARLETT PLAINS (Captain Smith, Lieutenant Harrington)—The West Toronto Band visited our Corps on a recent Friday, and rendered an interesting program. Brigadier Burrows took the chair, and every seat was taken. We were glad to have with us Lt. Colonel Perry (R) and Commandant Mrs. Davis. We are rejoicing over a smashed Harvest Festival Turret, \$155 being raised.

THE OFFICERS' COUNCILS

The holy and uplifting influences of the Officers' Councils will long remain as a precious memory in the minds and hearts of all privileged to be present.

The inspiring and practical counsel of the Commissioner, as he dealt with matters vital to an Officer's life and work, was as a nail fastened in a sure place. It "touched the spot" to use a familiar phrase, and the Officers were greatly enlightened and benefited through this close-up contact with their Territorial Leader.

The high spiritual tone of the Councils was most marked. Standards of life and conduct were uplifted and principles were re-affirmed in such a manner that all Officers were nightly blessed and enthused with a greater determination to go forward with their work for God and souls.

Mrs. Commissioner Maxwell and Mrs. Colonel Henry, in a Session for women Officers only, won the hearts of all by their timely counsel, which revealed a wonderful insight into the problems and needs of their hearers.

Colonel Henry and Colonel Taylor conducted a special Session for the men Officers, giving some most practical and helpful advice which will aid them in the fight in the days to come.

Lt.-Commissioner and Mrs. Hoe and Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin also spoke in the Councils, giving of their best to enrich the soul life of their comrade Officers.

Officers unable to attend the Congress on account of sickness were tenderly remembered at the Throne of Grace, and the roll was called of those Promoted to Glory since the last Congress, the whole assembly reverently standing as the names and records of their triumphant passing were read, and prayer offered that God would comfort the bereaved.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE

"FORTY-FIFTH"

(Continued from page 1)

From the special featuring of the Cross and the "Blood-and-Fire" Flag in Friday night's Demonstration; on past the splendid Soldiers' Service of Saturday night; and the packed-out Holiness meeting, with its deep spiritual tone, on Sunday morning; then the Salvation meeting on Sunday night with its old-time faith, and remembering specially the singing by the massed Songsters of "The Christ of Calvary" to the "Annie Laurie," on Monday night; the 1927 Congress has given wave after wave of inspiration to the Officers of our Corps with renewed energy and fresh zeal.—H. W. HOWES, Adjutant, Ottawa III.

Notwithstanding our disappointment at the absence of the Chief of the Staff, the Congress gathering was a wonderful success. The blessing and inspiration received from the same will long remain. The music and singing, the high-water mark—MAE BRIDGE, Ensign, North Sydney.

One of the best Congresses I have ever attended. Everyone seemed to be in unison with the whole effort, and that was the case. One could not be satisfied at the results achieved. The excitement of all were more than realised. JAMES RYDEN, Corps Secretary, Lethbridge.

I have been privileged for the last thirty-eight years to attend a number of our annual gatherings and have enjoyed the addresses given on every occasion to the fullest possible extent. In this year, however, I think had more of the old-time spirit exhibited on the platform as well as among the Officers with whom I am acquainted than for some years, and personally I have been more inspired. J. M. COLLEY, Sergeant-Major, Montreal I.

Impressions of this year's very noteworthy Congress can be briefly expressed. Wonderful crowds, wonderful expectation, wonderful inspiration, and a wonderful, wonderful Jesus, and heart-felt joy that He was so gloriously magnified in the address given, and that the full Gospel was preached to our ears. The meetings were avoided and the meetings were simple, earnest and attractive. We heard something of the Army and more of Christ. There is a soul-hunger in the world to-day, not seen on the surface, which messages such as those given can meet. God our Father, Jesus our Saviour and King, and the Holy Ghost as Comforter, and Helper. The meetings were just glorious. Hallelujah! —JOHN H. WILSON, Secretary, Toronto Temple Corps.

NIGHT

(Continued from page 9)

felt it, for a sea of hands were raised as witness to faith for a mighty coming to the Cross.

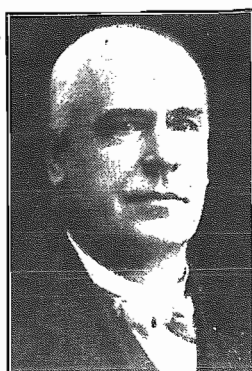
And then this vision-haunting Prayer meeting! A volunteer, a man, came first. An elderly woman followed, and then the procession of penitents was well under way.

Can you picture the scene! Colonel Morehen, in his red gurnsey, making earnest appeals from the platform; the Commissioner over there among the people, the Chief Secretary on this side; others helping the hesitating in various parts of the building; the penitent-form a place of tears. To-morrow we are to have a night of music, but we need not wait for that, for here in the Massey Music Hall to-night there is sweet music—the music of penitents' prayers, the music of the Father's welcome back to the old home, the bells ringing in the hearts of those who renounce all to follow, and there are grand harmonies in the hearts of the Salvationists who pray.

"Are you looking for copy?" exclaimed Colonel Saunders to the writer, "look at that penitent-form and see it." Yes, the best sort of copy. What a study that place of tears is. Here is a man who had been "a member of the family" in the Old Land, but who has drifted away since crossing the sea. Next to him, a smartly set up young man—a Jonah—who had sought to go to Tarshish instead of to Nineveh. Here he is, after a bitter experience, saying to the Master: "Yes, Lord, I'll go." Commandant May is dealing with a man who had known the joys of fellowship but who, through neglect of prayer and Bible reading, has lost his glad experience. A Salvationist farther along, with heart

lows a young woman brought by a Cadet from the topmost gallery. A wife follows leading her husband; then a young lad who may become a Spurgeon; a young man from the far gallery; and a young woman from the gallery; and a little later two more from the gallery.

"Look!" says an Officer standing near the penitent-form, "here comes —; he's been away from God for forty years; we'd almost given up hope of his ever getting right." The prodigal comes home bent with shame, leaning on the arm of a comrade. It transpired that a Dover-cout Soldier, a stranger to the man, had given him his sent earlier in



His Worship Mayor Foster.

who moved a vote of thanks at the conclusion of the Sunday afternoon gathering in Massey Hall.

the meeting and then had tackled him about his soul.

No wonder we sing "There is power, wonder working power in the Blood of the Lamb."

But we haven't finished yet. Faith is still high. An elderly man comes, and then the Commissioner is seen leading forward a couple of old warriors, almost tottering with age. A fresh touch of power is their plea. For ten long years they have held up the Flag at a lonely spot one hundred miles away, at a place where there is no Corps. Bravely they have held their ground, but discouragement has come, and now these fine old battle-scarred veterans who have bravely stood in the gap single-handed have come to claim fresh power, fresh faith, fresh love.

But this is not the whole of the story. Their unsaved son is in the meeting with his wife, and the hearts of these two are strangely moved as they witness the brave old couple's fresh resolve, and they, too, rise to their feet and come arm-in-arm down the aisle while we are singing the chorus: "We'll journey together."

What a picture! The bent old Soldier, with white head, and his silver-haired wife, with her face a picture of rare sweetness framed in her poke-bonnet, both standing behind the young couple at the mercy-seat, with joy written all over their faces, trying to smile through their tears. Then the old man kneels down beside the young people and seeks to help, while his wife prays on the other side. "Do you want to see a sight to make you weep," cries the Commissioner, "Here's one!"

Colonel Hargrave, from the Registration Room, has already reported sixty-nine seekers; but still they come. One young woman is here who admits that she has been troubled by some strange inward urge. When told by the comrade dealing with her that it was the

Spirit of God striving with her, and when the way of Salvation is further explained, she accepts God's gift by faith. Another of a quartet of young people who had never known what conversion is, has been attending. The Army for only two weeks, but has been greatly impressed by the testimonies, and to-night has been convicted of sin and comes to find deliverance.

Some touching stories are revealed. A little girl, sobbing at the mercy-seat, asked by Mrs. Commandant Smith why she had come, replied: "Daddy has been dead three years, and I am not ready to meet him." Her father was a Salvationist warrior. Then she added: "Oh, wouldn't daddy be pleased to see me now. I wish he could know that I am starting to follow him." Even while she spoke the words, the Prayer meeting leader, knowing nothing of the incident, commenced the chorus: "To carry the tidings Home." "Listen," said the Officer, "the angels are carrying the glad news to your father even now."

Ninety-three seekers knelt at the place of liberty and power before this evening of heart-melting scenes and this wonderful Congress Sunday closed. The Commissioner's final prayer was: "Lord, for all our eyes have seen we give to Jesus the glory!" And our hearts echoed: "Amen."

MORNING

(Continued from page 8)

gloom of many a soul, and all over the building began a deliberate rising, and a deliberate coming. With heart-searchings and a penitential tears, a man and his wife knelt together at the mercy-seat, while a mother of five children sought a fresh suffusion of grace for daily duties. A grandmother in the Army wished again to express in public her vow of allegiance to the God Whom she had long served, but Whom, perchance, she had, Peter-like, denied; young people walked with glory-shod feet towards the table of the Lord, surrendering to Him. Holy One Who once was young as they.

In a closing prayer of gratitude to God for what his eyes had seen, Colonel Adby besought the blessing of the Holy Spirit upon all hearts within the house.—M. J. H.

SEEN AND HEARD AT THE CONGRESS

(Continued from page 1)

Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Moore, Major and Mrs. Tilley, and Staff-Captain and Mrs. Terrell, were at the Sea Fort Isle.

An enterprising young "salesman" was observed at the doors of "Massey" on Saturday, selling copies of the latest edition of "Helps to Holiness." The Junior Wilfred, son of Adjutant and Mrs. Snowden. His catchy sales slogan was "Get your copy now." He was a customer, amused at the little fellow's alert tactics, discovered that the book was a good fifteen cents' worth of Holiness.

Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin and Brigadier J. McEwan met members of the "Diligents" (1926-27) and gave them a cup of tea, about thirty being in attendance. The Colonel, who was in the Principal of the Army and the Brigadier, the former Chief Women's Officer, both spoke in grateful vein of the address and gave timely words of encouragement to the "Diligents."

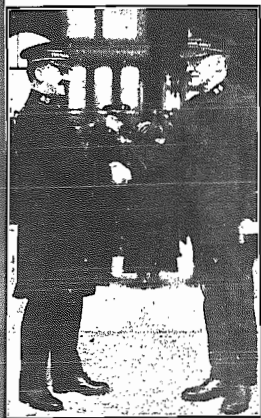
The Trade Department's stall in the Officers' Rest Room was a popular rendezvous for Congressites. A show case of hand-made goods, including the Toronto Rescue Home, also attracted considerable attention.

THE CONGRESS MUSICAL FESTIVAL

(Continued from page 5)

talent in another direction. Forsaking the brass, they use their vocal instruments, singing, under Staff-Captain Beer's baton, that ever-pleasing song, "Remember me, O Mighty One." The male voices can be made of telling effect. The item is well received; but, good as it was, we venture to prophesy that "they haven't done their best thing yet" in this line.

Earls Court Band, which has figured prominently in Toronto lately, now gives us their selection, "In Immaculate Praise." The music is handled with spirit and much ability. The Band is apparently thoroughly at home and gives a presentation of this



The Commissioner greets Lt. Commissioner Hoo

raise music which is true to character, coming through with flying colors. "Another good Band, you" (voice from the broad acres). "Tackled that real weel."

An interesting international touch is represented in this program. Is there anything like The Army in the world? Talk about the League of Nations. This night's music binds many countries together. Look where it comes from! Bandman Macneil, of New Zealand, supplies the "Wellingtonian" march; from the pen of Scout-Colonel Hawkes, head of The Army's Music Department, in London comes "All's Well"; Staff-Bandman Dickens, of Australia, supplies "Herald of Praise"; Staff-Captain Kitching, of the British Territory, is responsible for "My Jesus"; the "Golden Gate" march comes from Ensign Broughton, of Chicago; while Dovercourt's and Earls Court's selections are written by Adjutant Coles, of our own Territory. That a brotherhood!

The final solo Band item is from Hamilton I, the spirited "Golden Gate" march, a taxing march from the Festival Journal, and then with the hymn, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," which the Commissioner leads to the tune "Hosanna," the Festival comes to a close.

The night has produced some good music, and witnesses to a steady progress in things musical in Canada. One could speak of the high level of the playing from the standpoint of general interpretation and executive ability, as well as the regard for expression which characterizes both the playing and the singing. The critically-minded might, of course, point to minor weaknesses of tempo and phrasing, and some passages played in a little too matter-

of-fet style; but these are simply minor defects, and one feels almost ungenerous in noticing them. It was indeed a night, and a very successful one, and many of the most present from less favored spots where musical advantages are not what they are in the Queen City.

All seemed to be pleased and went home happy. As for our Yorkshire friend, he smiled as he exclaimed: "Champion, real champion!"

SOME STRAY IMPRESSIONS

IT IS said that Canada has become a land of music-lovers. Within the memory of not a few is the time when only the elite in ermine robes graced the occasion of a world-famed artist's appearance upon a Canadian platform, but now the seats are promptly booked by business men whose baggy pockets bulge with evening papers; by shop girls, and common folk told who, perchance, adore the gracious Music-Giver for His bounteous gift. In listening to a program of exclusive Army music, one wonders just how much this land of music-lovers owes to The Salvation Army Bands, who play clean, elevating music so often upon its city streets. Would Canada be the laud it is, without The Army Bands?

To one with ears to hear, a street-car is a fine place to learn the truth about things in general. "Splendid!" "Not too long!" "Something doing all the time!" "No, mean music!" "Why did the Songsters sing three verses? I could have wished for twenty!" was the street-car verdict one person heard pronounced upon this great Musical Festival of the Congress.

The Temple Band, to some few ears, excelled in rhythmic interpretation. Rhythm, to the poet, is the maple-bough swaying in the breeze; the lapping of the waves upon the shore; the sun-wooded wind in the grasses; the pulse of earth under the finger of God; beauty in action. To a Salvationist's rhythm is, as a colored sister ecstatically exclaimed, "a song in the mouth, a clapping in the heart, a drinking of joy out of mercy's full cup." Rhythm is a drummer's stick attracted sinners to the Cross in days not long gone by. As then, be it so now!

Hamilton I Band contributed much interest to the program in its presentation of "All's Well"; called in the "notes," an "old-timer." There was something quite refreshing in the very obvious "tunes" and jolly, alternating Band parts. Apart from this, one could not help but be impressed with the self-sufficing interest with which Toronto comrades greeted the playing of the visiting Band. Some folks in the galleries literally "hung" on every note!

We think that Adjutant Bramwell Coles was particularly happy in his music at the moment he composed the sequential movement leading up to the euphonium solo, "Eternal Home," in the selection, "Over Jordan," played so enchantingly by Dovercourt. The music says to us that souls redeemed who put to sea upon the last voyage are swept beyond the fabled time upon "the living savannahs of the blue," towards rest, and home, and God.

Most impressive was Colonel Henry's reading of the Scriptures in this meeting. Do you query the Divine Inspiration of the Word in this day of the reading, as well as in that

(Continued in column 4)

THE SPECTACULAR GEM OF THE CONGRESS

(Continued from page 7)

impossible. They simply unlimber with break-neck speed; the foremost scale the wall and reach out eager hands for portions of the cart. This procedure is followed all lot—the barriers are scaled; boys and carts are in hopeless confusion. But are they? In a brace of shakes, order is evolved from chaos. They are as they were — four Troops; four trek-carts.

Scouts, you take the cake! The great Arena is once more shrouded in darkness. When the spotlight pierces the gloom it illumines a striking—well-nigh startling—group of living statues, chiselled, as it were, from purest white marble. What might this symbolize? It is a group of Life-Saving Scouts—the Life-Saving Troop—and the statutory symbolizes the first of their four-fold pledge—the Salvation of the Body. The remaining three purposes are similarly typified, and also that of loyalty to our Country. Scout-Leader Wicksey reveals true artistic instinct in this excellent item.

What more fitting theme could now be injected into this evening of animation, education and inspiration than that of obligation to God for all His benefits and blessings? "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands," reads the Chief Secretary: "Serve the Lord with gladness: come before His presence with singing." For the Lord is good, His mercy is everlasting; and His truth endureth to all generations.

The finale! This stately pen can ill describe these final moments; the breadth, depth, width and height of their scope beggars adequate portrayal.

Miss Canada and party again make their appearance, with sections per-

"Salvation Army, Army of God; Onward to conquer the world with Fire and Blood."

And as this statement is made vocal in song a giant globe descends from the dim recesses of the Arena roof, bearing in large capitals the inscription: "The world for Christ."

Another instant and an illuminated Cross issues from the globe and, as though heralding the approach of that "bright day" when "sin's dark night be past," and "Satan's kingdom down shall fall at last," the Cross surmounts the globe, fittingly emphasizing the theme—The world for Christ.

The Forty-fifth Annual Congress will doubtless have contributed no small part to the worthy mission of bringing in the World-Kingdom of Jesus Christ.

TERRITORIAL NEWSLETS

Earls Court Band is commencing a Winter series of monthly Sunday afternoon meetings on Sunday, November 6th. Lieut-Colonel Saunders, Training Garrison Principal, will preside at the inaugural "special." The Band's annual Anniversary, programmed for Friday, November 11th, will provide a "treat" for Torontonians.

Dovercourt Young People's Band will campaign at Peterboro on Saturday and Sunday, October 29th and 30th.

Word has been received that Sister Mrs. Smith, of Victoria, B.C., known to many in the Old Country as Captain Munday, and also remembered as a former Soldier of the Oshawa Corps, has been promoted to Glory. May God comfort the bereaved.

On Thursday, November 3rd, at three o'clock, Mrs. Colonel Henry will open the Riverdale Home League Sale. The sale, this year, judging from the efforts and enthusiasm of the workers, promises to be one of the best. The Corps Band will give a short program in the evening.

Brother Albert Smerdon, of the Toronto Temple Corps, has received a letter from the Prince of Wales thanking him for the photos taken at St. Catharines during the Prince's visit to that city.

Corps Cadet Irene Wright, of Montreal I, daughter of Staff-Captain and Mrs. Wright, was awarded the School Commissioners' Silver Medal at the recent Graduation of Montreal High School, which signified that young comrade took premier place in the examinations.

Toronto Bands have a busy season ahead of them. Accompanying the Commissioner, the Dovercourt Band will visit Orillia for November 5, 6 and 7th, while the Montreal I Band will accompany the Chief Secretary for the same week-end. The Temple Band is booked for Hamilton 1st on Tuesday, November 14th, and Riverdale Band will campaign at Woodstock on November 5 and 6th.

(Continued from column 2)
remote day of the writing. My friend, are you missing miracles?
"He speaks, and the sound of His voice
Is so sweet, the birds hush their singing!"

Then that praise music, which Earls Court sent mounting on strong wings! How our souls stirred to it! And when the several Bands united to play three beautiful hymn-tunes, the sea of sound rolled round and round the galleries like the tones of a gigantic organ, and one's spirit thrilled to the contact with life's immensity—at sight and sound of so much rhapsody, beauty and such delightful melody unto their great God.

Judging by the prominence given to singing at this Festival, we feel consecrated vocal music is at last coming into its own upon Army programs, adding what the world requires to make the balance even—A.J.H.



The Chief Secretary (right) and the Field Secretary, caught by the camera man

sonating phrases of Canadian Salvation Army activities. The panorama includes also the national characters, who march in bearing flags. And then —! This colorful phalanx, its brilliance enhanced by the multi-colored rays of the battery of spotlights, lifts its voice in a psalm of praise, and whilst they sing, "All round the world The Army chariot rolls," a huge object emerges from the shadows—circles the singing host again and again, it is The Army Chariot!

Immediately the tune changes. "Hark, hark, my soul," is now heard, with its warlike refrain:



WOMEN OF NOTE

Mary Slessor, the White Queen of Okoyong

IN A LOWLY HOME in the City of Aberdeen a little girl was wont to play school and had as her imaginary pupils little black girls and boys. She dreamed of some day going to a country far away and teaching real black boys and girls. This girl was Mary Slessor.

A dark shadow came into her life and made her unhappy. It was her mother's ambition that her eldest son should be a missionary. But death visited the home and this caused much sorrow; her father also began to drink, and poverty soon made itself apparent. Mary, a slim girl of eleven, had to go out and become a breadwinner.

One tragic day Mary stood and looked down with a great awe upon the face of her father lying still in death. She determined more than ever to make her dream come true.

Like Livingstone, of whom she had never heard, Mary took a book in her spare moments she taught herself many things.

The only other brother was the next to be called by the Heavenly King, and now Mary was the only one left. Why could she take her brother's place and become a mission.

Her mother was quite willing that she should apply. Her application was accepted and in the year 1876 Mary sailed for the land of sunshine across the sea. She found, when she arrived, that under all the beauty there were terrible things which made life a misery to the dark-skinned natives. As soon as she knew a little of the language she began to fight their evil ideas and ways. One of her chief objects was to save the twin babies. The natives were afraid of twins, and so the babies would be crushed in a pot and thrown into the woods. The mother also would be driven out of the town and left to starve.

She fought this evil, as only a woman could fight it, and to prove that twins were harmless, she kept one little twin girl herself.

The natives loved her so much that they called her the "White Ma," and it was quite safe for her to go anywhere, even in places where no white foot had trod before. But for her, and then erected a church.

Many children who had been cast out into the forest and left to die she took to her own little hut, and there in swinging hammocks across the roof, she would put them to sleep, and make curries for them. When she arrived from Scotland, all the children would gather around and with eyes wide open would look at the wondrous things from the land across the sea.

The natives brought all their troubles and disputes to her, to be solved and usually from the Book of Books, she would tell them the law.

Ill-health necessitated her returning to the Old Land. She was very ill, but she decided to take four little black girls back to Scotland with her. Great kindness was shown to her on arrival, and although she should have spent a year in her native land, as the gray, cold, weeping skies came with Winter she determined to go back to the country that she loved. What a reception they got at Akapa! "Everything will be right now," the people said. "Ma is here. And once more she became sovereign lady of Okoyong."

(Continued in column 4)

LITTLE TALKS TO PARENTS

No. III.—Training Children in the Art of Being Quiet

By Minerva Hunter

"ARE you glad to be back?" Elliston Brewster asked his wife when she returned from a visit to her people in the country. "I am afraid you will feel that our apartment is noisy after the bigness and quietness of the country."

Lucia smiled. "Quietness, Elliston? It is the noisiest place I have ever known. Poor little Sonny-boy did not get a full nap the whole time we were there."

"It would seem that with twelve large rooms in the house one quiet place could be found," mused Elliston.

"There is no quiet with Evans. He always was noisy, but now that his voice is changing it is hard on one's ears to be in the house with him. His arms and legs are so long he has difficulty in controlling them, and he races awkwardly about the house, slams doors, jumps down the stairs, whoops and yells, and bumps furniture until other people are thankful when he goes out."

"Wait until 'Sonny-boy is older,' Elliston suggested.

"Do children have to be noisy to be healthy? I somehow doubt it. Couldn't they be trained to make their noise out of doors?" Lucia asked anxiously.

"That reminds me of Aunt Rebecca and her boys," Elliston answered smiling. "She trained them to make their noise out of doors and they never guessed she was training them."

"All me about it," "She started when they were mere toddlers," Elliston explained. "Practically everything she did with them had a quieting influence. Of course

reading to them and telling them stories naturally would have that effect, but she made up games that gave them something to do quietly. "One of the games she called 'The Mouse.' As the boys grew older they changed it somewhat and renamed it 'The Spy.' It involved going from one part of the room to another, opening and closing doors and picking up and putting down articles, without making a noise. If the one blindfolded could tell where you were and what you were doing, you had to be blindfolded in his stead."

"Another game was called 'Secrets.' In this game the child went into the kitchen and, without whispering, told his mother three things he would like for dinner. The door into the next room was closed and the brothers listened from that side to hear what was said. If they could tell what was said and none of those articles appeared for dinner, then the boy who spoke so loudly received only one spoonful of his favorite dish. Unconsciously the children learned to speak softly."

"Still another game was called 'Sword's Point.' Each piece of furniture was the point of a sword and the aim of the game was to walk all around the room without getting 'so much as a scratch.' The boys liked to put the chairs close together and pass safely between them. Thus they learned to balance themselves and watch out for furniture."

"These games delighted me when I visited in the home, and it was not until I was fully grown that I wondered why Aunt Rebecca had invented them. She did not prohibit noisy games but required the boys to play them in the yard."

THE CONFESSIONS OF A YOUNG WIFE

PART IV

IHAVE heard it admitted by many successful men, that their success was largely due to their wives' influence and encouragement. I have dreams of some day hearing George give me credit for helping his upward climb in business, for like every other young wife, I share his ambitions and am anxious to see him succeed. It's true that there is not very much we poor women can do toward the advancement of our husbands in the business line after all, but our influence at home and the way we treat them there may count for something.

George and I have not very many evenings out of the week to spend at home. George is a Bandman at the Corps and, of course, we attend several of the meetings during the week—always the Wednesday night, Saturday night and Sunday public meetings and the Band practice and Home League on Friday night. This makes it so that we are out the same nights and are consequently home together other evenings.

Of course I always have some mending to look after and sewing to take my attention on the evenings when we are at home. George is taking a correspondence course which makes some studying for him to do. And then the radio! It is said that the number of women who have

gone insane has considerably decreased since the advent of radio into the home. In other words the radio has done away with some of the loneliness that comes when the men are away—I'll have to admit that. Many a solitary hour has been passed listening over the radio, but I must confess that almost as many times I have wished we had never got it. I suppose all men are alike, and George is no worse than the next one, but I do wish he would pay some attention to me instead of being lost in that radio. I might just as well talk to a stone wall as to George when he is "listening in." He actually does not know that I exist, and if I do finally get that fact across to him, he means of a poke in the ribs, he exclaims that I have spoiled it all—they were just announcing and he thinks it was China, but now he can't be sure. I know the reputation that my sex has for talking, but I do think we are entitled to some attention after being at home all day long.

When all is said and done, though, I come to the conclusion that George is really not so bad, especially after hearing of some of my friends' experience along this line. I wouldn't trade him for any other husband going.

(To be continued)

TESTED RECIPES

By Mrs. Major Calvert

CAKE FILLING

Half cup sugar, two tablespoons flour, two-thirds cup of boiling water, one tablespoon butter, one egg, one-third cup orange juice, one teaspoon lemon juice.

Cream together sugar, flour, butter and egg, adding to this the fruit juice, then boiling water and cook until thick, stirring constantly, and when cool use as a filling for a layer cake.

ORANGE FROSTING FOR LAYER CAKE

Three tablespoons orange juice, one teaspoon lemon juice, one egg yolk, confectioner's sugar.

Cream together sugar and yolk, add egg and half teaspoon butter, then add sugar until of the right consistency to spread.

MUSTARD PICKLES

One quart of cucumbers cut fine, one quart of vinegar, one quart of water, one onion cut fine, one quart of salt, one large cauliflower, three green peppers, three red peppers.

Put all together and add three cups of sugar, half a gallon of vinegar, one pound of celery cut up fine. Let this boil up well, then add or make a paste of cups of flour, tablespoon of mustard, one oz. of yellow oil with vinegar and stir in slowly. Let it boil up well and bottle.

Add to this salt as desired.

CHOCOLATE FILLING FOR PIE

Two eggs, one tablespoon butter, one teaspoon vanilla, one tablespoon each one cup boiling water, two tablespoons grated chocolate, three-quarters cup granulated sugar, pinch of salt.

Cream together sugar, yolk of eggs and butter and flour, then add cup of boiling water, vanilla and salt. Cook this on top of stove. Put into the shell and beat white of eggs and spread on top and cook in the oven till done. Add to the white of eggs when beaten half cup of sugar.

(Continued from column 1)

The next three years were the loneliest and worst she ever spent in the forest. She had to battle with ill-health and she saw few white people. Once when trying to stop a fight, one of the sticks hit her. A cry of horror arose: "Ma is hurt! Our Ma is hurt!" Both sides at once fell on the wretched man who held the stick, and began to beat him to death. "Stop! Stop!" Ma cried. "He did not mean to do it. And I was only by mistake all her strength and forcing them back that she saw his life."

For fifteen patient years Ma gave her life to Okoyong, and she had no reward, for it became a land of peace and order and good will, the customs died away, and people were taught to surely becoming the disciples of Jesus.

She went further inland to work amongst the savage tribes. The Government put so much faith in her they made her a magistrate. At the British Government official that day, he said with her he said: "Yes, salary will be."

"I'll take no salary," she said. "I'm not doing it for the Government, I'm doing it for God."

A little later she received a large important looking letter. Wondering what it could be, she opened it and found it was from the Anglican society, the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, begging that she would agree to become an Honorary Associate and accept the Silver Cross which it gave to those who were noted for goodness and good work.

The dreadful news of the Great War made her so ill that she could not rise, and soon after in the land she loved best, she laid down her sword. They took her, for the last time, down the river. Now she lies at rest in the land of her adoption, but still her work goes on.

We are looking for you



The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, and as far as possible, assist them in their distress.

One dollar should, where possible, be sent with each enquiry, to help defray expenses.

Address, Colonel W. Morehen, James and Albert Streets, Toronto 2, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope.

HART, David—Was last known to be living at 60 Cecil Street, Montreal; but it is thought that he left there to work in the mines in Nova Scotia. Should this meet the eye, please communicate.

BARROWS, John Henry—Aged 53 years, has a scar on side of his face. He left Birmingham, England, about 1892, for Melbourne, Quebec. Should this meet the eye, please communicate. Sister Emma anxious to hear from him. 16590

VOCKNET, John Charles—Edridge—Aged 52 years, is an actor. Left England in 1891 for Canada. Should this meet the eye, please communicate. Brother is very anxious to hear from him. 16570

COX, John—Aged 42 years, height 6 ft., dark brown hair, brown eyes, dark complexion. He lived in County of Durham County (Seaton Caves). It is thought that he may be in Toronto. Should this meet the eye, please communicate. As mother is very anxious to hear from him. 16573

PETERSEN, Howard—Aged 21 years, brown eyes and brown hair. Was brought up by his grandparents at Corvina Mines, Ontario. When last heard of, was at the mines in Nova Scotia. Should this meet the eye, please communicate. 16587

MUNRO, Albert—Aged 35 years, height 5 ft. 7 in., weight 150 lbs., brown hair, brown eyes, dark complexion, medium build. Has not been heard of since Aug. 1917. News to his advantage in life is wanted. 16477

KAVANAGH, Charles Patrick—Aged 26 years, height 5 ft. 10 in., weight 120 lbs., dark hair, brown eyes, medium complexion, native of Liverpool, England. Is an electrical welder. Was last heard of in July, 1927, in Kingston, Ontario. Any news will be gratefully received. 16418

BREKKEDEAL, Hans Jorgen—When last heard of, was living in Toronto, on Nelson Street and Sherbourne Street. Aged 35 years, single, tall. His sister, Thilla Nilsen, is very anxious to hear from him. 16523

CHAMBERLAIN, James—Aged 59 years, height 5 ft. 6 in., dark brown hair. Painter and glazier. Came to Canada about 20 years ago. Lives in Toronto. Anyone knowing his present whereabouts, please communicate. 16471

MENELL, Charles—A—Left Montreal several years ago. A railroad engineer by trade. May be working at construction work or garage work. In Niagara Falls, Canada. Any information, please notify this office. 16719

MCLANE or MCLAIN, Joyce D. C. (nicknamed Jack)—Aged 20 years, height 5 ft. 11 in., sandy hair, blue eyes, high colored complexion. Is a woodcutter. News urgently wanted by friends in England. Communicate immediately. 16723

McHAFFIE, James—Was last heard of at Vancouver, B.C., 25-56, but spoke of going to work at Campbell's Bay at a small mattress factory. Is described as, height 5 ft. 10 in., dark brown eyes. Scotch by birth. Should this meet the eye, please communicate. Parents anxious to hear from him. 16598

DODD, Edward—Aged 35 years, height 5 ft. 5 in., weight 155 lbs., dark brown hair, blue eyes, dark complexion. Is a native of New England. Was last heard of at his home on the 7th of September, 1927. His whereabouts is urgently sought. 16702

EKDAL, Walter—Aged 20 years. Farmer, worked for a Mr. Wm. Prince, Winchester, Ontario. His whereabouts is urgently sought. 16414

OCEAN TRAVEL

Officers, Soldiers and friends of The Salvation Army, who desire to go to Europe, will find it distinctly to their advantage to book passage with The Salvation Army Immigration Department.

Address your communications to THE RESIDENT SECRETARY, 1225 University St., Montreal, or to THE SECRETARY, 20 Albert St., Toronto.

255 Ontario St., London, Ont.
27 Brydges St., Moncton, N.B.
114 Bowdoin St., Smith's Falls, Ont.
808 Dundas St., Woodstock, Ont.

On the Field of Battle

LOCAL EX-PUGILIST ENROLLED

Thirty Converts at Outpost

MONCTON—(Commandant and Mrs. Hargrave)—The fire at Moncton continues to burn and many souls are being won for Christ. Among the recent recruits are a number of ex-pugilists of a garage and livery, and a well-known local pugilist. Interest in the meetings at Moncton is increasing, and about thirty of the residents have been converted and are, taking their place in the ranks of the Salvation Army. A number have also been enrolled as soldiers of the Moncton Corps. On a recent Friday evening a splendid program was arranged and carried out by the Converts and Young People, in aid of our Harvest Festival. Commandant Hargrave, on a recent Sunday, represented The Salvation Army at the laying of the Corner Stone of the new Consumptive Hospital. He also, at the request of the Gyro Club, addressed that body on the work of The Salvation Army in Moncton. The recent visit of Staff-Captain and Mrs. Cuski was made of great blessing, large crowds were present at each meeting, and nine souls came to the Cross. In connection with the Campaign for funds for the new City Hospital, The Salvation Army put a team in the field under the leadership of Commandant Hargrave.

New Singing Company

CATLTON—(Captain Collins, Lieutenant Watson)—Last Sunday was a very successful day and the afternoon meeting was solely devoted to the interests of the Young People. The Company Guards gave red-hot, up-to-date testimonies. The newly-formed Singing Company made its first public appearance under the direction of Lieutenant Watson, and did great credit to themselves and their leader. Captain Collins dedicated the infant daughter of Mrs. Henderson to the service of God and The Salvation Army. —C.C. G. Reynolds.

Prayer Rewarded—Eight Souls at Mercy Seat

GOOSEBERRY ISLAND—(Captain J. Batten)—We are pleased to report that God is pouring out His Spirit on us at this Corps. We had a wonderful meeting on Sunday night last, when eight souls found pardon. The meeting was overjoyed by this victory, which is an answer to earnest prayer. The first to come was a woman, who volunteered. We are eagerly looking forward to a continuance of this soul-saving work. The Young People are doing good service in the front ranks, and this augurs well for the future years. The Hall is proving too small for the congregation desiring to attend the meetings, and we are looking forward with great expectation to the completion of our new building. The Hall has been re-organized, and the members are increasing.

Over the Top

SWANSEA—(Captain Page, Lieutenant Williams)—We are glad to report that our Harvest Festival effort has resulted in victory. God has blessed our efforts and we have gone "over the top." The Harvest Festival services were conducted by Envoys Smith, of North Toronto. Blessed times were experienced. God is with us.—A.E.W.

TORONTO'S PARENT CORPS KEEPS MOVING

Five New Soldiers Sworn In

TORONTO 1 (Add. and Mrs. Crowe)—Field-Major Chisholm, assisted by four comrades from Kitchissippi Corps, rendered a very interesting Musical Program on a recent Wednesday evening. The Major's ability to bring music out of so many ordinary things, conveyed the blessed thought that God can bring spiritual music out of apparently worthless lives, when they are handed over to Him. On the following Sunday, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Spooner led the services, and good times were experienced. On a recent Tuesday night Brigadier Burrows was with us. The band had an open-air march before the inside meeting. Several of the Soldiers were present, who with the band helped to add to the enjoyment of the occasion. After a Bible reading, the Brigadier unveiled the new following comrades as Soldiers: Brothers Peterson and Montgomery and Sister Bradley, while young Charles Anderson, of Mount St. Paul, was transferred from the Junior to the Senior Hall.—A.S.

Home League Success

CHALMUT, Ont.—(Captain Bonshaw, Lieutenant Chisholm)—The Home League Side was a success and much credit is due to the Soldiers and workers for their faithfulness and toil. A good sum was netted. On Sunday night two souls surrendered to God.

Week-End of Blessing

GEORGETOWN—(Captain Hertz and Lieutenant James Clarke)—We were privileged to have Brigadier Burrows with us last week-end. Attendances were good and much blessing was received. The Soldiers meeting was one of those occasions when desire for God is intensified and aspirations are dumpling. As the Brigadier declared the whole truth of God in the night meeting, conviction was written on more than one face, and we feel sure the effort will bear fruit.

Corn Cadets Progressing

CORNWALL—(Captain and Mrs. White)—On Friday, September 15th, we had with us Brigadier and Mrs. Macdonald, accompanied by Staff-Captain Wright and were much blessed. The work of the Corn Cadets was also that of refreshing to our souls. A wanderer returned to God. On Thursday evening last our Corn Cadets led the meeting, each one rendering an essay on the attributes of the Cadets are progressing under the leadership of Mrs. Adjutant White. On September 27th we had Adjutant White with us. The band adjutant was inspiring.

(Continued from column 1)

STAFF-CAPTAIN URSACKI: Amherst, Ont., Oct. 29; Amherst and Dorchester, Ont., Oct. 30.

STAFF-CAPTAIN WILSON: Mount Dennis, Ont., Oct. 29.

STAFF-CAPTAIN WRIGHT: Montreal, V., Oct. 26.

Coming Events

THE CHIEF SECRETARY AND MRS. HENRY

Montreal (United Holiness Meeting)—Fri., Nov. 4.
Sherbrooke—Sat.-Sun.-Mon., Nov. 5-6-7.

Cornwall—Tues., Nov. 8.
Kingston—Wed., Nov. 9.
Bellevue—Thurs., Nov. 10.
Dovercourt—Thurs., Nov. 27.

Mrs. Colonel Henry

North Toronto (United Home League Local Officers' Meeting), Toronto East Division)—Tues., Oct. 25, 8 p.m.

Earls Court (United Home League Local Officers' Meeting, Toronto West Division)—Fri., Oct. 28, 8 p.m.
Riverdale (Home League Sale of Work)—Thurs., Nov. 3.

Montreal (United Home League)—Mon., Nov. 7.

Montreal (Young People's Legion Sale of Work)—Tues., Nov. 15.

COLONEL ADBY: Dresden, Sat.-Sun., Oct. 29-30; Chatham, Oct. 31.

COLONEL HARGRAVE: Dovercourt, Sun., Oct. 26.

LIEUT. COLONEL MACMOND: Hamilton, Sun., Oct. 29.

BRIGADIER BURROWS: Earls Court, Sun., Oct. 29.

BRIGADIER BURTON: Palmerston, Sat.-Sun., Oct. 29-30; Mount Forest, Mon., Oct. 31.

BRIGADIER KNIGHT: Fredericton, Sat.-Sun., Oct. 29-30.

BRIGADIER MACDONALD: Montreal, Sun., Oct. 29.

MAJOR BEST: Carleton Place, Sat.-Sun., Oct. 29-30.

MAJOR BRISTOW: Dresden, Sat.-Sun., Oct. 29-30.

MAJOR CAMERON: Gravenhurst, Sat.-Sun., Oct. 29-30; Sudbury, Sat.-Mon., Oct. 29-30.

MAJOR AND MRS. KENDALL: Rhodes Ave., Sat., Oct. 29-30; Oct. 30; Galt, Sat., Nov. 5-6; Nov. 12.

MAJOR OWEN: Whitney Pier, Sat.-Sun., Oct. 29-30.

MAJOR WALTON: Toronto Temple, Sat.-Sun., Nov. 5-6.

STAFF-CAPTAIN RITCHIE: Oshawa, Sat.-Sun., Oct. 29-30; Bonaventure, Mon., Oct. 31.

STAFF-CAPTAIN SPARKS: Listowel, Sat.-Sun., Oct. 29-30.

(Cont. at foot of column 3)

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"GIVE, DEVISE AND BEQUEATH" to the Governing Council of The Salvation Army, Canada East Territory, the sum of \$____ (for my property, known as No.____, in the City or Town of____), to be used and applied by their discretion for the general purposes of The Salvation Army in the said Territory."

OR,
"I bequeath to General William Bramwell Booth, or other the General for the time being of The Salvation Army, the sum of \$____, to be used and applied by him at his discretion for the general purposes of the work of The Salvation Army in Foreign lands, the receipt of the said William Bramwell Booth, or other the General for the time being, aforesaid, to be sufficient discharge by my Trustees for the said sum."
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An Artist's Impression of the Toronto Arena During the Progress of the Congress Pageant

